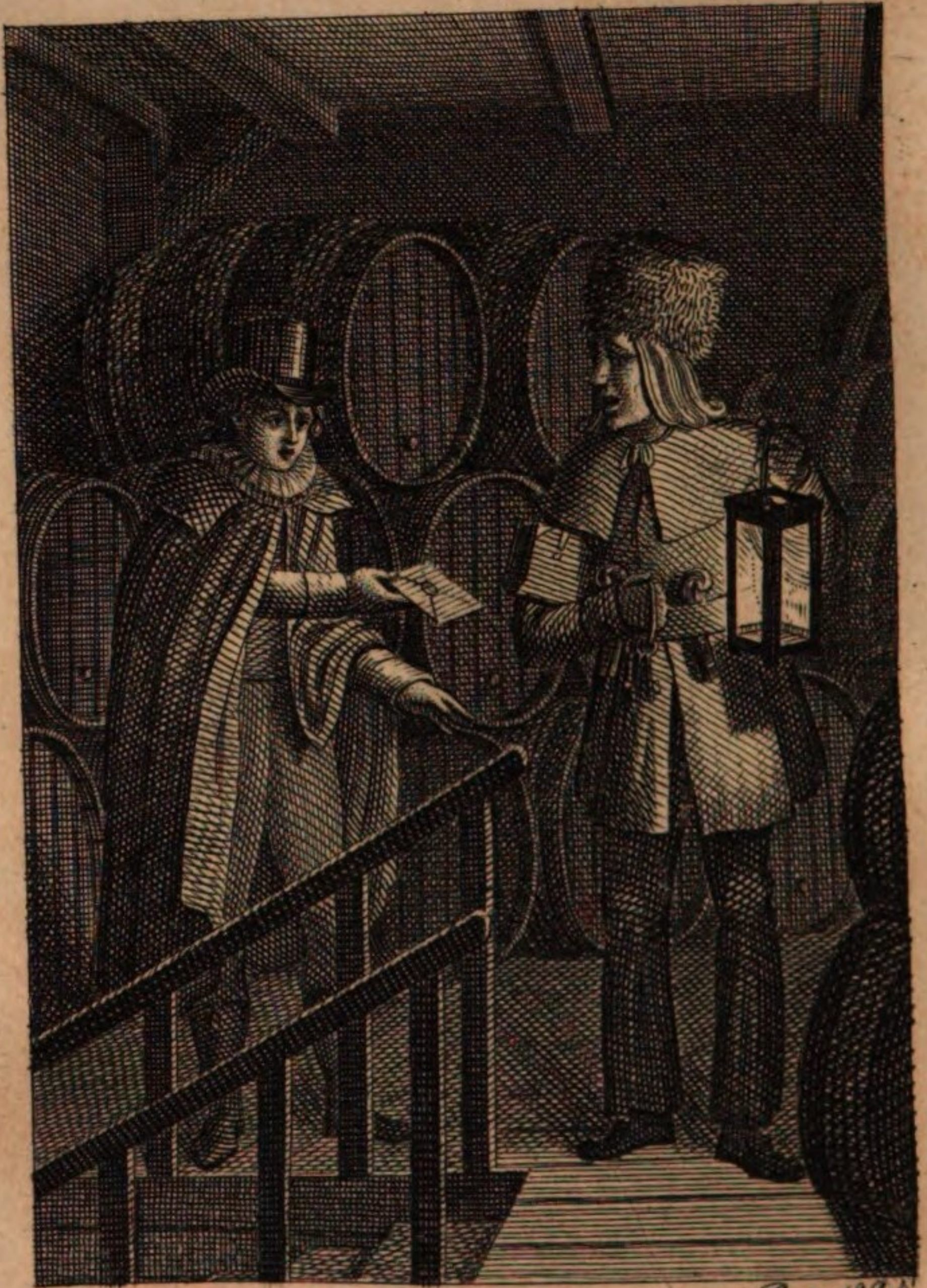




THE
WORKS

OF

WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

VOL. LXXX.

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ZWICKAU,

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1841



# REDGAUNTLET.

## A TALE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY  
THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY."

---

*Master, go on; and I will follow thee,  
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.*

*As You like it.*

---

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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ZWICKAU,

PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

1825.



REDGAUNTLET

A TALE

OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

BY  
THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE"

—  
LONDON: Printed by J. JOHNSON, in Pall-mall.  
1791.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

—————

M. WILKINSON,

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, in Pall-mall.

1791.





# REDGAUNTLET.

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## LETTER XII.

### DARSIE LATIMER TO ALAN FAIRFORD.

I CONTINUE to scribble at length, though the subject may seem somewhat deficient in interest. Let the grace of the narrative, therefore, and the concern we take in each other's matters, make amends for its tenuity. We fools of fancy, who suffer ourselves, like Malvolio, to be cheated with our own visions, have, nevertheless, this advantage over the wise ones of the earth, that we have our whole stock of enjoyments under our own command, and can dish for ourselves an intellectual banquet with most moderate assistance from external objects. It is, to be sure, something like the feast which the Barmecide served up to Alnaschar; and we cannot be expected to get fat upon such diet. But then, nei-



ther is there repletion or nausea, which often succeed the grosser and more material revel. On the whole, I still pray, with the Ode to Castle Building —

Give me thy hope which sickens not the heart;  
Give me thy wealth which has no wings  
to fly;

Give me the bliss thy visions can impart;  
Thy friendship give me, warm in poverty.

And so, despite thy solemn smile and sapient shake of the head, I will go on picking such interest as I can out of my trivial adventures, even though that interest should be the creation of my own fancy; nor will I cease to inflict on thy devoted eyes the labour of perusing the scrolls in which I shall record my narrative.

My last broke off as we were on the point of descending into the glen at Brokenburn, by the dangerous track which I had first travelled *en croupe*, behind a furious horseman, and was now again to brave under the precarious guidance of a blind man.

It was now getting dark ; but this was no inconvenience to my guide , who moved on, as formerly, with instinctive security of step, so that we soon reached the bottom , and I could see lights twinkling in the cottage which had been my place



of refuge on a former occasion. It was not thither, however, that our course was directed. We left the habitation of the Laird to the left, and turning down the brook, soon approached the small hamlet which had been erected at the mouth of the stream, probably on account of the convenience which it afforded as a harbour to the fishing-boats. A large, low cottage, full in our front, seemed highly illuminated; for the light not only glanced from every window and aperture in its frail walls, but was even visible from rents and fractures in the roof, composed of tarred shingles, repaired in part by thatch and *divot*.

While these appearances engaged my attention, that of my companion was attracted by a regular succession of sounds, like a bouncing on the floor, mixed with a very faint sound of music, which Willie's acute organs at once recognized and accounted for, while to me it was almost inaudible. The old man struck the earth with his staff in a violent passion. "The whoreson fisher-rabble! They have brought another violer upon my walk! They are such smuggling blackguards, that they must run in their very music; but I'll sort them waur than ony gauger in the county. — Stay — hark — it's no a violin neither — it's the pipe and tabor bastard, Simon of Sowport, frae the Nicol Forest; but I'll pipe and tabor him! — Let me hae ance my left hand on his cravat, and



ye shall see what my right will do. Come away, chap — come away, gentle chap — nae time to be picking and waling your steps." And on he passed with long and determined strides, dragging me along with him.

I was not quite easy in his company; for, now that his minstrel pride was hurt, the man had changed from the quiet, decorous, I might almost say respectable person, which he seemed while he told his tale, into the appearance of a fierce, brawling, dissolute stroller. So that when he entered the large hut, where a great number of fishers, with their wives and daughters, were engaged in eating, drinking, and dancing, I was somewhat afraid that the impatient violence of my companion might procure us an indifferent reception.

But the universal shout of welcome with which Wandering Willie was received — the hearty congratulations — the repeated "Here's t'ye, Willie," — "Whare hae ye been, ye blind deevil?" and the call upon him to pledge them — above all, the speed with which the obnoxious pipe and tabor were put to silence, gave the old man such effectual assurance of undiminished popularity and importance, as at once put his jealousy to rest, and changed his tone of offended dignity, into one better fitted to receive such cordial greetings. Young men and women crowded round, to tell how much they were afraid some mischance had



detained him, and how two or three young fellows had set out in quest of him.

«It was nae mischance, praised be Heaven,” said Willie, «but the absence of the lazy loon Rob the Rambler, my comrade, that didna come to meet me on the Links; but I hae gotten a braw consort in his stead, worth a dozen of him, the unhangd blackguard.”

«And wha is’t tou’s gotten, Wullie lad?” said half a score of voices, while all eyes were turned on your humble servant, who kept the best countenance he could, though not quite easy at becoming the centre to which all eyes were pointed.

«I ken him by his hemmed cravat,” said one fellow; «it’s Gil Hobson, the souple tailor frae Burgh. — Ye are welcome to Scotland, ye prick-the-clout loon,” he said, thrusting forth a paw much the colour of a badger’s back, and of most portentous dimensions.

«Gil Hobson? Gil whoreson!” exclaimed Wandering Willie; «it’s a gentle chap that I judge to be an apprentice wi’ auld Joshua Geddes, to the quaker-trade.”

«What trade be’s that, man?” said he of the badger-coloured fist.

«Canting and lying,” — said Willie, which produced a thundering laugh; «but I am teaching the callant a better trade, and that is, feasting and fiddling.”



Willie's conduct, in thus announcing something like my real character, was contrary to compact; and yet I was rather glad he did so, for the consequence of putting a trick upon these rude and ferocious men, might, in case of discovery, have been dangerous to us both, and I was at the same time delivered from the painful effort to support a fictitious character. The good company, except perhaps one or two of the young women, whose looks expressed some desire for better acquaintance, gave themselves no farther trouble about me; but, while the seniors resumed their places near an immense bowl, or rather reeking cauldron of brandy-punch, the younger arranged themselves on the floor, and called loudly on Willie to strike up.

With a brief caution to me, to "mind my credit, for fishers had ears, though fish have none," Willie led off in capital style, and I followed, certainly not so as to disgrace my companion, who, every now and then, gave me a nod of approbation. The dances were, of course, the Scottish jigs, and reels, and "twasom dances," with a strathspey or hornpipe for interlude; and the want of grace, on the part of the performers, was amply supplied by truth of ear, vigour and decision of step, and the agility proper to the northern performers. My own spirits rose with the mirth around me, and with old Willie's admi-



rable execution, and frequent «weel dune, gentle chap, yet;»— and, to confess the truth, I felt a great deal more pleasure in this rustic revel, than I have done at the more formal balls and concerts in your famed city, to which I have sometimes made my way. Perhaps this was, because I was a person of more importance to the presiding matron of Brokenburn-foot, than I had the means of rendering myself to the far-famed Miss Nickie Murray, the patroness of your Edinburgh assemblies. The person I mean was a buxom dame of about thirty, her fingers loaded with many a silver ring, and three or four of gold; her ankles liberally displayed from under her numerous blue, white, and scarlet short petticoats, and attired in hose of the finest and whitest lamb-wool, which arose from shoes of Spanish cordwain, fastened with silver buckles. She took the lead in my favour, and declared, that «the brave young gentleman should not weary himsell to death wi' playing, but take the floor for a dance or twa.»

«And what's to come of me, Dame Martin?» said Willie.

«Come o' thee?» said the dame; «mischanter on the auld beard o' ye! ye could play for twenty hours on end, and tire out the hail country-side wi' dancing before ye laid down your bow, saving for a bye drink or the like o' that.»

«In troth, dame,» answered Willie, «ye are



nae sae far wrang; sae if my comrade is to take his dance, ye maun gie me my drink, and then bob it away like Madge of Middlebie."

The drink was soon brought; but while Willie was partaking of it, a party entered the hut, which arrested my attention at once, and intercepted the intended gallantry with which I had proposed to present my hand to the fresh-coloured, well-made, white-angled Thetis, who had obtained me manumission from my musical task.

This was nothing less than the sudden appearance of the old woman whom the Laird had termed Mabel; Cristal Nixon, his male attendant; and the young person who had said grace to us when I supped with him.

This young person — Alan, thou art in thy way a bit of a conjuror — this young person whom I *did not* describe, and whom you, for that very reason, suspected was not an indifferent object to me — is, I am sorry to say it, in very fact not so much so as in prudence she ought. I will not use the name of *love* on this occasion; for I have applied it too often to transient whims and fancies to escape your satire, should I venture to apply it now. For it is a phrase, I must confess, which I have used — a romancer would say profaned — a little too often, considering how few years have passed over my head. But seriously, the



fair chaplain of Brokenburn has been often in my head when she had no business there; and if this can give thee any clew for explaining my motives in lingering about the country, and assuming the character of Willie's companion, why, hang thee, thou art welcome to make use of it — a permission for which thou need'st not thank me much, as thou wouldst not have failed to assume it, whether it were given or no.

Such being my feelings, conceive how they must have been excited, when, like a beam upon a cloud, I saw this uncommonly beautiful girl enter the apartment in which they were dancing; not, however, with the air of an equal, but that of a superior, come to grace with her presence the festival of her dependants. The old man and woman attended, with looks as sinister as hers were lovely, like two of the worst winter months waiting upon the bright-eyed May.

When she entered — wonder if thou wilt — she wore *a green mantle*, such as thou hast described as the garb of thy fair client, and confirmed what I had partly guessed from thy personal description, that my chaplain and thy visitor were the same person. There was an alteration on her brow the instant she recognized me. She gave her cloak to her female attendant, and, after a momentary hesitation, as if uncertain whether to advance or retire, she walked into the



room with dignity and composure, all making way, the men unbonneting, and the women curtsying respectfully, as she assumed a chair which was reverently placed for her accommodation, apart from others.

There was then a pause, until the bustling mistress of the ceremonies, with awkward, but kindly courtesy, offered the young lady a glass of wine, which was at first declined, and at length only thus far accepted, that, bowing round to the festive company, the fair visitor wished them all health and mirth, and just touching the brim with her lip, replaced it on the salver. There was another pause; and I did not immediately recollect, confused as I was by this unexpected apparition, that it belonged to me to break it. At length a murmur was heard around me, being expected to exhibit, — nay, to lead down the dance, — in consequence of the previous conversation.

“De’il’s in the fiddler lad,” was muttered from more quarters than one — “saw folk ever sic a thing as a shame-faced fiddler before?”

At length a venerable Triton, seconding his remonstrances with a hearty thump on my shoulder, cried out, “To the floor — to the floor, and let us see how ye can fling — the lasses are a’ waiting.”

Up I jumped, sprung from the elevated sta-



tion which constituted our orchestra, and, arranging my ideas as rapidly as I could, advanced to the head of the room, and, instead of offering my hand to the white-footed Thetis aforesaid, I venturously made the same proposal to her of the Green Mantle.

The nymph's lovely eyes seemed to open with astonishment at the audacity of this offer; and, from the murmurs I heard around me, I also understood that it surprised, and perhaps offended, the bye-standers. But after the first moment's emotion, she wreathed her neck, and drawing herself haughtily up, like one who was willing to shew that she was sensible of the full extent of her own condescension, extended her hand towards me, like a princess gracing a squire of low degree.

There is affectation in all this, thought I to myself, if the Green Mantle has borne true evidence — for young ladies do not make visits, or write letters to counsel learned in the law, to interfere in the motions of those whom they hold as cheap as this nymph seems to do me; and if I am cheated by a resemblance of cloaks, still I am interested to shew myself, in some degree, worthy of the favour she has granted with so much state and reserve. — The dance to be performed was the old Scots Jigg, in which you are aware I used to play no sorry figure at La Pique's,



when thy clumsy movements used to be rebuked by raps over the knuckles with that great professor's fiddle-stick. The choice of the tune was left to my comrade Willie, who, having finished his drink, feloniously struck up the well known and popular measure,

«Merrily danced the Quaker's wife,  
And merrily danced the Quaker.»

An astounding laugh arose at my expense, and I should have been annihilated, but that the smile which mantled on the lip of my partner, had a different expression from that of ridicule, and seemed to say, «Do not take this to heart.» And I did not, Alan — my partner danced admirably, and I like one who was determined, if outshone, which I could not help, not to be altogether thrown into the shade.

I assure you our performance, as well as Willie's music, deserved more polished spectators and auditors; but we could not then have been greeted with such enthusiastic shouts of applause as attended while I handed my partner to her seat, and took my place by her side, as one who had a right to offer the attentions usual on such an occasion. She was visibly embarrassed, but I was determined not to observe her confusion, and to avail myself of the opportunity of learning



whether this beautiful creature's mind was worthy of the casket in which Nature had lodged it.

Nevertheless, however courageously I formed this resolution, you cannot but too well guess the difficulties I must needs have felt in carrying it into execution; since want of habitual intercourse with the charmers of the other sex has rendered me a sheepish cur, only one grain less awkward than thyself. Then she was so very beautiful, and assumed an air of so much dignity, that I was like to fall under the fatal error of supposing she should only be addressed with something very clever; and in the hasty racking which my brains underwent in this persuasion, not a single idea occurred that common sense did not reject as fustian on the one hand, or weary, flat, and stale criticism on the other. I felt as if my understanding were no longer my own, but was alternately under the dominion of Aldiborontophoscophornio, and that of his facetious friend Rigdum-Funnidos. How did I envy at that moment our friend Jack Oliver, who produces with such happy complacence his fardel of small talk, and who, as he never doubts his own powers of affording amusement, passes them current with every pretty woman he approaches, and fills up the intervals of chat by his complete acquaintance with the exercise of the fan, the *flacon*, and the other duties of the *Cavaliere Serviente*. Some of these I attempt-



ed, but I suppose it was awkwardly; at least the Lady Greenmantle received them as a princess accepts the homage of a clown.

Meantime the floor remained empty, and as the mirth of the good meeting was somewhat checked, I ventured, as a dernier resort, to propose a minuet. She thanked me, and told me haughtily enough, "she was here to encourage the harmless pleasures of these good folks, but was not disposed to make an exhibition of her own indifferent dancing for their amusement."

She paused a moment, as if she expected me to suggest something; and as I remained silent and rebuked, she bowed her head more graciously, and said, "Not to affront you, however, a country dance, if you please."

What an ass was I, Alan, not to have anticipated her wishes! Should I not have observed that the ill-favoured couple, Mabel and Cristal, had placed themselves on each side of her seat, like the supporters of the royal arms? the man, thick, short, shaggy, and hirsute, as the lion; the female, skin-dried, tight-laced, long, lean, and hungry-faced, like the unicorn. I ought to have recollected, that under the close inspection of two such watchful salvages, our communication, while in repose, could not have been easy; that the period of dancing a minuet was not the very choicest time for conversation; but that the noise, the ex-



ercise, and the mazy confusion of a country-dance, where the inexperienced performers were every now and then running against each other, and compelling the other couples to stand still for a minute at a time, besides the more regular repose afforded by the intervals of the dance itself, gave the best possible openings for a word or two spoken in season, and without being liable to observation.

We had but just led down, when an opportunity of the kind occurred, and my partner said, with great gentleness and modesty, «It is not perhaps very proper in me to acknowledge an acquaintance that is not claimed; but I believe I speak to Mr Darsie Latimer.»

«Darsie Latimer was indeed the person that had now the honour and happiness — —»

I would have gone on in the false gallop of compliment, but she cut me short. «And why,” she said, «is Mr Latimer here, and in disguise, or at least assuming an office unworthy of a man of education? — I beg pardon,” she continued, — «I would not give you pain, but surely making an associate of a person of that description——»

She looked towards my friend Willie, and was silent. I felt heartily ashamed of myself, and hastened to say it was an idle frolic, which want of occupation had suggested, and which I could



not regret, since it had procured me the pleasure I at present enjoyed.

Without seeming to notice my compliment, she took the next opportunity to say, "Will Mr Latimer permit a stranger who wishes him well to ask, whether it is right that, at his active age, he should be in so far void of occupation, as to be ready to adopt low society for the sake of idle amusement?"

"You are severe, madam," I answered; "but I cannot think myself degraded by mixing with any society where I meet ——"

Here I stopped short, conscious that I was giving my answer an unhandsome turn. The *argumentum ad hominem*, the last to which a polite man has recourse, may however be justified by circumstances, but seldom or never the *argumentum ad foeminam*.

She filled up the blank herself which I had left. "Where you meet *me*, I suppose you would say? But the case is different. I am, from my unhappy fate, obliged to move by the will of others, and to be in places which I would by my own will gladly avoid. Besides, I am, except for these few minutes, no participator of the revels — a spectator only, and attended by my servants. Your situation is different — you are here by choice, the partaker and minister of the pleasures of a class below you in education, birth, and for-

|      |      |      |
|------|------|------|
| a    | b    |      |
| X    | X    | X    |
| b    | b    | b    |
| CHHD | CHHD | CHHD |



tunes. — If I speak harshly, Mr Latimer," she added, with much sweetness of manner, "I mean kindly."

I was confounded by her speech, "severe in youthful wisdom;" all of naive or lively, suitable to such a dialogue, vanished from my recollection, and I answered, with gravity like her own, "I am, indeed, better educated than these poor people; but you, madam, whose kind admonition I am grateful for, must know more of my condition than I do myself — I dare not say I am their superior in birth, since I know nothing of my own, or in fortunes, over which hangs an impenetrable cloud."

"And why should your ignorance on these points drive you into low society and idle habits?" answered my female monitor. "Is it manly to wait till fortune cast her beams upon you, when by exertion of your own energy you might distinguish yourself? — Do not the pursuits of learning lie open to you — of manly ambition — of war? — But no — not of war, that has already cost you too dear."

"I will be what you wish me to be," I replied with eagerness — "You have but to choose my path, and you shall see if I do not pursue it with energy, were it only because you command me."

"Not because I command you," said the maiden, "but because reason, common sense,



manhood, and, in one word, regard for you own safety, give the same counsel."

"At least permit me to reply, that reason and sense never assumed a fairer form—of persuasion," I hastily added; for she turned from me — nor did she give me another opportunity of continuing what I had to say till the next pause of the dance, when, determined to bring our dialogue to a point, I said, "You mentioned manhood also, madam, and, in the same breath, personal danger. My ideas of manhood suggest that it is cowardice to retreat before dangers of a doubtful character. You, who appear to know so much of my fortunes that I might call you my guardian angel, tell me what these dangers are, that I may judge whether manhood calls on me to face or to fly them."

She was evidently perplexed by this appeal.

"You make me pay dearly for acting as your humane adviser," she replied at last: "I acknowledge an interest in your fate, and yet I dare not tell you whence it arises; neither am I at liberty to say why or from whom you are in danger; but it is not less true that danger is near and imminent. Ask me no more, but, for your own sake begone from this country. Elsewhere you are safe — here you do but invite your fate."

"But, am I doomed to bid thus farewell to almost the only human being who has shewed



an interest in my welfare? — Do not say so — say that we shall meet again, and the hope shall be the leading star to regulate my course.”

“It is more than probable,” she said — “much more than probable, that we may never meet again. The help which I now render you is all that may be in my power; it is such as I should render to a blind man whom I might observe approaching the verge of a precipice; it ought to excite no surprise, and requires no gratitude.”

So saying, she again turned from me, nor did she address me until the dance was on the point of ending, when she said, “Do not attempt to speak to, or approach me again in the course of the night; leave the company as soon as you can, but not abruptly, and God be with you.”

I handed her to her seat, and did not quit the fair palm I held, without expressing my feelings by a gentle pressure. She coloured slightly, and withdrew her hand, but not angrily. Seeing the eyes of Cristal and Mabel sternly fixed on me, I bowed deeply and withdrew from her; my heart saddening, and my eyes becoming dim in spite of me, as the shifting crowd hid us from each other.

It was my intention to have crept back to my comrade Willie, and resumed my bow with such spirit as I might, although, at the moment, I would have given half my income for an instant's



solitude. But my retreat was cut off by Dame Martin, with the frankness — if it is not an inconsistent phrase — of rustic coquetry, that goes straight up to the point.

“Ay, lad, ye seem unca sune weary to dance sae lightly? Better the nag that ambles a’ the day, than him that makes a brattle for a mile, and then’s done wi’ the road.”

This was a fair challenge, and I could not decline accepting it. Besides, I could see Dame Martin was queen of the revels; and to many were the rude and singular figures about me, that I was by no means certain whether I might not need some protection. I seized on her willing hand, and we took our places in the dance, where, if I did not acquit myself with all the accuracy of step and movement which I had before attempted, I at least came up to the expectations of my partner, who said, and almost swore, “I was prime at it;” while, stimulated to her utmost exertions, she herself frisked like a kid, snapped her fingers like castanets, whooped like a Bacchanal, and bounded from the floor like a tennis-ball, — ay, till the colour of her garters was no particular mystery. She made the less secret of this, perhaps, that they were sky-blue, and fringed with silver.

The time has been that this would have been special fun; or rather, last night was the only



time I can recollect these four years when it would *not* have been so; yet, at this moment, I cannot tell you how I longed to be rid of Dame Martin. I almost wished she would sprain one of those «many-twinkling» ancles, which served her so alertly; and when, in the midst of her exuberant caprioling, I saw my former partner leaving the apartment, and with eyes, as I thought, turning towards me, this unwillingness to carry on the dance increased to such a point, that I was almost about to feign a sprain or a dislocation myself, in order to put an end to the performance. But there were around me scores of old women, all of whom looked as if they might have some sovereign recipe for such an accident; and, remembering Gil Blas and his pretended disorder in the robbers' cavern, I thought it as wise to play Dame Martin fair, and dance till she thought proper to dismiss me. What I did I resolved to do strenuously, and in the latter part of the exhibition, I cut and sprang from the floor as high and as perpendicularly as Dame Martin herself; and received, I promise you, thunders of applause, for the common people always prefer exertion and agility to grace. At length Dame Martin could dance no more, and, rejoicing at my release, I led her to a seat, and took the privilege of a partner to attend her.

«Heh, sirs,» exclaimed Dame Martin, «I



am sair forfoughen! Troth, callant, I think ye hae been amaist the death o' me."

I could only atone for the alleged offence by fetching her some refreshment, of which she readily partook.

"I have been lucky in my partners," I said, "first that pretty young lady, and then you, Mrs Martin."

"Hout wi' your fleeching," said Dame Martin. "Gae wa — gae wa, lad; dinna blaw in folks lugs that gate; me and Miss Liliias even'd thegither! Na, na, lad — od, she is maybe four or five years younger than the like o' me, — bye and attour her gentle havings."

"She is the Laird's daughter?" said I, in as careless a tone of inquiry as I could assume.

"His daughter, man? Na, na, only his niece — and sib aneugh to him, I think."

"Ay, indeed," I replied; "I thought she had borne his name?"

"She bears her ain name, and that's Liliias."

"And has she no other name?" asked I.

"What needs she another till she gets a gude-man?" answered my Thetis, a little missed perhaps — to use the women's phrase — that I turned the conversation upon my former partner, rather than addressed it to herself.

There was a little pause, which was interrupted by Dame Martin observing, "They are standing up again."



“True,” said I, having no mind to renew my late violent *capriole*, “and I must go help old Willie.”

Ere I could extricate myself, I heard poor Thetis address herself to a sort of Mer-man in a jacket of seamen’s blue, and a pair of trowsers, (whose hand, by the way, she had rejected at an earlier part of the evening,) and intimate that she was now disposed to take a trip.

“Trip away then, dearie,” said the vindictive man of the waters, without offering his hand; “there,” pointing to the floor, “is a roomy birth for you.”

Certain I had made one enemy, and perhaps two, I hastened to my original seat beside Willie, and began to handle my bow. But I could see that my conduct had made an unfavourable impression; the words, “flory conceited chap,” — “haflins gentle,” and at length, the still more alarming epithet of “spy,” began to be buzzed about, and I was heartily glad when the apparition of Sam’s visage at the door, who was already possessed of and draining a can of punch, gave me assurance that my means of retreat were at hand. I intimated as much to Willie, who probably had heard more of the murmurs of the company than I had, for he whispered, “Ay, ay — awa wi’ ye — ower lang here — slide out canny — dinna let them see ye are on the tramp.”



I slipped half-a-guinea into the old man's hand, who answered, «Truts! pruts! nonsense! but I'se no refuse, trusting ye can afford it. — Awa wi' ye — and if onybody stops ye cry on me.»

I glided, by his advice, along the room as if looking for a partner, joined Sam, whom I disengaged with some difficulty from his can, and we left the cottage together in a manner to attract the least possible observation. The horses were tied in a neighbouring shed, and as the moon was up and I was now familiar with the road, broken and complicated as it is, we soon reached the Shepherd's Bush, where the old landlady was sitting up waiting for us, under some anxiety of mind, to account for which she did not hesitate to tell me that some folks had gone to Brokenburn from her house, or neighbouring towns, that did not come so safe back again. «Wandering Willie," she said, «was doubtless a kind of protection.»

Here Willie's wife, who was smoking in the chimney corner, took up the praises of her «hinny," as she called him, and endeavoured to awaken my generosity afresh, by describing the dangers from which, as she was pleased to allege, her husband's countenance had assuredly been the means of preserving me. I was not, however, to be fooled out of more money at this time, and went to bed in haste, full of various cogitations.



I have since spent a couple of days betwixt Mount Sharon and this place, and betwixt reading, writing to thee this momentous history, forming plans for seeing the lovely Liliás, and — partly, I think, for the sake of contradiction — angling a little in spite of Joshua's scruples — though I am rather liking the amusement better as I begin to have some success in it.

And now, my dearest Alan, you are in full possession of my secret — let me as frankly into the recesses of your bosom. How do you feel towards this fair ignis fatuus, this lily of the desert? Tell me honestly; for however the recollection of her may haunt my own mind, my love for Alan Fairford surpasses the love of woman. I know, too, that when you *do* love, it will be to

“Love once and love no more.”

A deep-consuming passion, once kindled in a breast so steady as yours, would never be extinguished but with life. I am of another and more volatile temper, and though I shall open your next with a trembling hand, and uncertain heart, yet let it bring a frank confession that this fair unknown has made a deeper impression on your gravity than you reckoned for, and you will see I can tear the arrow from my own wound, barb and all. In the meantime,



though I have formed schemes once more to see her, I will, you may rely on it, take no step for putting them into practice. I have refrained from this hitherto, and I give you my word of honour, I shall continue to do so; yet why should you need any further assurance from one who is so entirely yours as

D. L.

P. S. — I shall be on thorns till I receive your answer. I read, and re-read your letter, and cannot for my soul discover what your real sentiments are. Sometimes I think you write of her as one in jest — and sometimes I think that cannot be. Put me at ease as soon as possible.



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LETTER XIII.

ALAN FAIRFORD TO DARSIE LATIMER.

I WRITE on the instant, as you direct; and in a tragi-comic humour, for I have a tear in my eye, and a smile on my cheek. Dearest Darsie, sure never a being but yourself could be so generous — sure never a being but yourself could be so absurd! I remember when you were a boy you wished to make your fine new whip a present to old aunt Peggy, merely because she admired it; and now, with like unreflecting and unappropriate liberality, you would resign your beloved to a smoke-dried young sophister, who cares not one of the hairs which it is his occupation to split for all the daughters of Eve. I in love with your Liliās — your green mantle — your unknown enchantress! — why I scarce saw her for five minutes, and even then only the tip of her chin was distinctly visible. She was well made, and the tip of her chin was

of a most promising cast for the rest of the face; but, Heaven save you! she came upon business! and for a lawyer to fall in love with a pretty client on a single consultation, would be as wise as if he became enamoured of a particularly bright sunbeam which chanced for a moment to gild his bar-wig. I give you my word I am heart-whole; and moreover, I assure you, that before I suffer a woman to sit near my heart's core, I must see her full face, without mask or mantle, ay, and know a good deal of her mind into the bargain. So never fret yourself on my account, my kind and generous Darsie; but, for your own sake, have a care, and let not an idle attachment, so lightly taken up, lead you into serious danger.

On this subject I feel so apprehensive, that now when I am decorated with the honours of the gown, I should have abandoned my career at the very starting to come to you, but for my father having contrived to clog my heels with fetters of a professional nature. I will tell you the matter at length, for it is comical enough; and why should not you list to my juridical adventures, as well as I to those of your fiddling knight errantry?

It was after dinner, and I was considering how I might best introduce to my father the private resolution I had formed to set off for Dumfries-

shire, or whether I had not better run away at once, and plead my excuse by letter, when, assuming the peculiar look with which he communicates any of his intentions respecting me, which he suspects may not be altogether acceptable, «Alan,” he said, «ye now wear a gown — ye have opened shop, as we would say of a more mechanical profession; and, doubtless, ye think the floor of the courts is strewed with guineas, and that ye have only to stoop down to gather them.”

«I hope I am sensible, sir,” I replied, «that I have some knowledge and practice to acquire, and must stoop for that in the first place.”

«It is well said,” answered my father; and, always afraid to give too much encouragement, added, «Very well said, if it be well acted up to — Stoop to get knowledge and practice is the very word. Ye know very well, Alan, that in the other faculty who study the *Ars medendi*, before the young doctor gets to the bedsides of palaces, he must, as they call it, walk the hospitals; and cure Lazarus of his sores, before he be admitted to prescribe for Dives, when he has gout or indigestion — —”

«I am aware, sir, that — —”

«Whisht — do not interrupt the court — Well — also the chirurgeons have an useful practice, by which they put their apprentices and *tyrones*

to work upon senseless dead bodies, to which, as they can do no good, so they certainly can do as little harm; while at the same time the *tyro*, or apprentice, gains experience, and becomes fit to whip off a leg or arm from a living subject, as cleanly as ye would slice an onion."

"I believe I guess your meaning, sir," answered I; "and were it not for a very particular engagement——"

"Do not speak to me of engagements; but whisht—there is a good lad—and do not interrupt the court."

"My father, you know, is apt—be it said with all filial duty—to be a little prolix in his harangues. I had nothing for it but to lean back and listen."

"Maybe you think, Alan, because I have, doubtless, the management of some actions in dependence, whilk my worthy clients have intrusted me with, that I may think of airing them your way *instanter*; and so setting you up in practice, so far as my small business or influence may go; and, doubtless, Alan, that is a day whilk I hope may come round. But then, before I give, as the proverb hath it, 'My own fish-guts to my own sea maws,' I must, for the sake of my own character, be very sure that my sea-maw can pick them to some purpose. What say ye?"

“I am so far,” answered I, “from wishing to get early into practice, sir, that I would willingly bestow a few days ——”

“In farther study, ye would say, Alan. But that is not the way either — ye must walk the hospitals — ye must cure Lazarus — ye must cut and carve on a departed subject, to shew your skill.”

“I am sure,” I replied, “I will undertake the cause of any poor man with pleasure, and bestow as much pains upon it as if it were a Duke’s; but for the next two or three days ——”

“They must be devoted to close study, Alan — very close study indeed; for ye must stand primed for a hearing, *in presentia Dominorum*, upon Tuesday next.”

“I, sir!” I replied in astonishment — “I have not opened my mouth in the Outer-House yet.”

“Never mind the Court of the Gentiles, man,” said my father; “we will have you into the Sanctuary at once — over shoes, over boots.”

“But, sir, I should really spoil any cause thrust on me so hastily.”

“Ye cannot spoil it, Alan,” said my father, rubbing his hands with much complacency; “that is the very cream of the business, man — it is just, as I said before, a subject upon which all the *tyrones* have been trying their whittles for fifteen years; and as there have been about ten

or a dozen agents concerned, and each took his own way, the case is come to that pass, that Stair or Arniston could not mend it; and I do not think even you, Alan, can do it much harm—ye may get credit by it, but ye can lose none.”

“And pray what is the name of my happy client, sir?” said I, ungraciously enough, I believe.

“It is a well-known name in the Parliament-House,” replied my father. “To say the truth, I expect him every moment; it is Peter Peebles.”

“Peter Peebles!” exclaimed I, in astonishment; “he is an insane beggar — as poor as Job, and as mad as a March hare!”

“He has been pleading in the court for fifteen years,” said my father, in a tone of commiseration, which seemed to acknowledge that this fact was enough to account for the poor man’s condition both in mind and circumstances.

“Besides, sir,” I added, “he is on the Poor’s Roll; and you know there are advocates regularly appointed to manage those cases; and for me to presume to interfere — —”

“Whisht, Alan! — never interrupt the court — all *that* is managed for ye like a tee’d ball, (my father sometimes draws his similies from his once favourite game of golf,) — you must know, Alan, that Peter’s cause was to have been opened by

young Dumtoustie — ye may ken the lad, a son of Dumtoustie of that ilk, Member of Parliament for the county of —, and a nephew of the Laird's younger brother, worthy Lord Bladderskate, whilk ye are aware sounds as like being akin to a peatship* and a sherifdom, as a sieve is sib to a riddle. Now Saunders Drudgeit, my lord's clerk, came to me this morning in the House, like ane bereft of his wits; for it seems that young Dumtoustie is ane of the Poor's Lawyers, and Peter Peebles's process had been remitted to him of course. But so soon as the hair-brained goose saw the pokes, (as, indeed, Alan, they are none of the least,) he took fright, cried for his nag, lap on, and away to the country is he gone; and so, said Saunders, my lord is at his wit's end wi' vexation and shame, to see his nevoy break off the course at the very starting. 'I'll tell you, Saunders,' said I, 'were I my lord, and a friend or kinsman of mine should leave the town while the court was sitting, that kinsman, or be he what he liked, should never darken my door again.' And then, Alan, I thought to turn the

* Formerly, a lawyer, supposed to be under the peculiar patronage of any particular judge, was invidiously termed his *peat*, or *pet*.

ball our own way; and I said that you were a gay sharp birkie, just off the irons, and if it would oblige my lord, and so forth, you would open Peter's cause upon Tuesday, and make some handsome apology for the necessary absence of your learned friend, and the loss which your client and the court has sustained, and so forth. Saunders lap at the proposition, like a cock at a grosart; for he said, the only chance was to get a new hand, that did not ken the charge he was taking upon him; for there was not a lad of two Session's standing that was not dead-sick of Peter Peebles and his cause; and he advised me to break the matter gently to you at the first; but I told him you were a good bairn, Alan, and had no will and pleasure in these matters but mine."

What could I say, Darsie, in answer to this arrangement, so very well meant — so very vexatious at the same time? — To imitate the defection and flight of young Dumtoustie, was at once to destroy my father's hopes of me forever; nay, such is the keenness with which he regards all connected with his profession, it might have been a step to breaking his heart. I was obliged, therefore, to bow in sad acquiescence, when my father called to James Wilkinson to bring the two bits of pokes he would find on his table.

Exit James, and presently re-enters, bending

under the load of two huge leathern bags, full of papers to the brim, and labelled on the greasy backs with the magic impress of the clerks of court, and the title, *Peebles against Plainstones*. This huge mass was deposited on the table, and my father, with no ordinary glee in his countenance, began to draw out the various bundles of papers, secured by none of your red-tape or whip-cord, but stout, substantial casts of tarred rope, such as might have held small craft at their moorings.

I made a last and desperate effort to get rid of the impending job. "I am really afraid, sir, that this case seems so much complicated, and there is so little time to prepare, that we were better move the Court to supersede it till next Session."

"How, sir? — how, Alan?" said my father — "Would you approbate and reprobate, sir? — You have accepted the poor man's cause, and if you have not his fee in your pocket, it is because he has none to give you; and now would you approbate and reprobate in the same breath of your mouth? — Think of your oath of office, Alan, and your duty to your father, my dear boy."

Once more, what could I say? — I saw, from my father's hurried and alarmed manner, that nothing could vex him so much as failing in the point he had determined to carry, and once more

intimated my readiness to do my best, under every disadvantage.

“Well, well, my boy,” said my father, “the Lord will make your days long in the land, for the honour you have given to your father’s grey hair. You may find wiser advisers, Alan, but none that can wish you better.”

My father, you know, does not usually give way to expressions of affection, and they are interesting in proportion to their rarity. My eyes began to fill at seeing his glisten; and my delight at having given him such sensible gratification would have been unmixed, but for the thoughts of you. These out of the question, I could have grappled with the bags, had they been as large as corn-sacks. But, to turn what was grave into farce, the door opened, and Wilkinson ushered in Peter Peebles.

You must have seen this original, Darsie, who, like others in the same predicament, continues to haunt the courts of justice, where he has made shipwreck of time, means, and understanding. Such insane paupers have sometimes seemed to me to resemble wrecks lying upon the shoals on the Goodwin Sands, or in Yarmouth Roads, warning other vessels to keep aloof from the banks on which they have been lost; or rather scare-crows and potatoe-bogles, distributed

through the courts to scare away fools from the scene of litigation.

The identical Peter wears a huge great-coat, thread-bare and patched itself, yet carefully so disposed and secured by what buttons remain, and many supplementary pins, as to conceal the still more infirm state of his under garments. The shoes and stockings of a ploughman were, however, seen to meet at his knees, with a pair of brownish, blackish breeches; a rusty-coloured handkerchief, that has been black in its day, surrounded his throat, and was an apology for linen. His hair, half grey, half black, escaped in elf-locks around a huge wig, made of tow, as it seemed to me, and so much shrunk, that it stood up on the very top of his head; above which he plants, when covered, an immense cocked hat, which, like the chieftain's banner, may be seen any sederunt day betwixt nine and ten, high towering above all the fluctuating and changeful scene in the Outer-House, where his eccentricities often make him the centre of a group of petulant and teasing boys, who exercise upon him every art of ingenious torment. His countenance, originally that of a portly, comely burgher, is now emaciated with poverty and anxiety, and rendered wild by an insane lightness about the eyes; a withered and blighted skin and complexion; features charged with the self-import-

ance peculiar to insanity; and a habit of perpetually speaking to himself. Such was my fortunate client; and I must allow, Darsie, that my profession had need to do a great deal of good, if, as is much to be feared, it brings many individuals to such a pass.

After we had been, with a good deal of form, presented to each other, at which time I easily saw by my father's manner that he was desirous of supporting Peter's character in my eyes, as much as circumstances would permit, "Alan," he said, "this is the gentleman who has agreed to accept of you as his counsel, in place of young Dumtoustie."

"Entirely out of favour to my old acquaintance your father," said Peter, with benign and patronizing countenance, "out of respect to your father, and my old intimacy with Lord Bladder-skate. Otherwise, by the *Regiam Majestatem*! I would have presented a petition and complaint against Daniel Dumtoustie, Advocate, by name and surname — I would, by all the practiques! — I know the forms of process; and I am not to be trifled with."

My father here interrupted my client, and reminded him that there was a good deal of business to do, as he proposed to give the young counsel an outline of the state of the conjoined process, with a view to letting him into the me-

rits of the cause, disencumbered from the points of form. "I have made a short abbreviate, Mr Peebles," said he; "having sat up late last night, and employed much of this morning in wading through these papers, to save Alan some trouble, and I am now about to state the result."

"I will state it myself," said Peter, breaking in without reverence upon his solicitor.

"No, by no means," said my father; "I am your agent for the time."

"Mine eleventh in number," said Peter; "I have a new one every year; I wish I could get a new coat as regularly."

"Your agent for the time," resumed my father; "and you, who are acquainted with the forms, know that the client states the case to the agent — the agent to the counsel —"

"The counsel to the Lord Ordinary, the Ordinary to the Inner House, the President to the Bench. It is just like the rope to the man, the man to the ox, the ox to the water, the water to the fire —"

"Hush, for Heaven's sake, Mr Peebles," said my father, cutting his recitation short; "time wears on — we must get to business — you must not interrupt the court, you know. — Hem, hem! From this abbreviate it appears —"

"Before you begin," said Peter Peebles, "I'll thank you to order me a morsel of bread

and cheese, or some cold meat, or broth, or the like alimentary provision; I was so anxious to see your son, that I could not eat a mouthful of dinner."

Heartily glad, I believe, to have so good a chance of stopping his client's mouth effectually, my father ordered some cold meat; to which James Wilkinson, for the honour of the house, was about to add the brandy bottle, which remained on the side-board, but, at a wink from my father, supplied its place with small beer. Peter charged the provisions with the rapacity of a famished lion, and so well did the diversion engage him, that though, while my father stated the case, he looked at him repeatedly, as if he meant to interrupt his statement, yet he always found more agreeable employment for his mouth, and returned to the cold beef with an avidity which convinced me he had not had such an opportunity for many a day of satiating his appetite. Omitting much formal phraseology, and many legal details, I will endeavour to give you, in exchange for your fiddler's tale, the history of a litigant, or rather, the history of his law-suit.

"Peter Peebles and Paul Plainstones," said my father, "entered into partnership, in the year — —, as mercers and linen drapers, in the Lucken-booths, and carried on a great line of business to mutual advantage. But the learned

counsel needeth not to be told, *societas est mater discordiarum*, partnership oft makes pleaship. The company being dissolved by mutual consent, in the year——, the affairs had to be wound up, and after certain attempts to settle the matter extra-judicially, it was at last brought into the Court, and has branched out into several distinct processes, most of whilk have been conjoined by the Ordinary. It is to the state of these processes that counsel's attention is particularly directed. There is the original action of Peebles v. Plainstones, convening him for payment of L. 3000, less or more, as alleged balance due by Plainstones. 2dly, There is a counter action, in which Plainstones is pursuer and Peebles defender, for L. 2500, less or more, being balance alleged *per contra*, to be due by Peebles. 3dly, Mr Peebles's seventh agent advised an action of Compt and Reckoning at his instance, wherein what balance should prove due on either side might be fairly struck and ascertained. 4thly, To meet the hypothetical case, that Peebles might be found liable in a balance to Plainstones, Mr Wildgoose, Mr Peebles's eighth agent, recommended a Multiplepoinding, to bring all parties concerned into the field."

My brain was like to turn at this account of lawsuit within lawsuit, like a nest of chip-boxes,

with all of which I was expected to make myself acquainted.

“I understand,” I said, “that Mr Peebles claims a sum of money from Plainstones — how then can he be debtor? and if not his debtor, how can he bring a Multiplepoinding, the very summons of which sets forth, that the pursuer does owe certain monies, which he is desirous to pay by warrant of a judge?”

“Ye know little of the matter, I doubt, friend,” said Mr Peebles; “a Multiplepoinding is the safest *remedium juris* in the whole form of process. I have known it conjoined with a declarator of marriage. — Your beef is excellent,” he said to my father, who in vain endeavoured to resume his legal disquisition; “but something highly powdered — and the twopenny is undeniable; but it is small swipes — small swipes — more of hop than malt — with your leave I’ll try your black bottle.”

My father started to help him with his own hand, and in due measure; but, infinitely to my amusement, Peter Peebles got possession of the bottle by the neck, and my father’s ideas of hospitality were far too scrupulous to permit his attempting, by any direct means, to redeem it; so that Peter returned to the table triumphant, with his prey in his clutch.

“Better have a wine-glass, Mr Peebles,” said

my father, in an admonitory tone, "you will find it pretty strong."

"If the kirk is ower muckle, we can sing mass in the quire," said Peter, helping himself in the goblet out of which he had been drinking the small beer. "What is it, usquebaugh? — BRANDY, as I am an honest man! I had almost forgotten the name and taste of brandy. — Mr Fairford elder, your good health, (a mouthful of brandy) — Mr Alan Fairford, wishing you well through your arduous undertaking, (another go-down of the comfortable liquor) — And now, though you have given a tolerable breviat of this great lawsuit, of whilk everybody has heard something that has walked the boards in the Outer-House, (here's to ye again, by way of interim decreet,) yet ye have omitted to speak a word of the arrestments."

"I was just coming to that point, Mr Peebles."

"Or of the action of suspension of the charge on the bill."

"I was just coming to that."

"Or the advocacy of the Sheriff-Court process."

"I was just coming to it."

"As Tweed comes to Melrose, I think," said the litigant; and then filling his goblet about a quarter full of brandy, as if in absence of mind,

“Oh, Mr Alan Fairford, ye are a lucky man to buckle to such a cause as mine at the very outset! it is like specimen of all causes, man. By the Regiam, there is not a *remedium juris* in the practiques but ye’ll find a spice o’t. Here’s to your getting well through with it — Pshut — I am drinking naked spirits, I think. But if the heathen be ower strong we’ll christen him with the brewer, (here he added a little small beer to his beverage, paused, rolled his eyes, winked, and proceeded,) — Mr Fairford — the action of assault and battery, Mr Fairford, when I compelled the villain Plainstones to pull my nose within two steps of King Charles’s statue, in the Parliament Close — there I had him in a hose-net. Never man could tell me how to shape that process — no counsel that ever sold wind could condescend and say whether it were best to proceed by way of petition and complaint, *ad vindictam publicam*, with consent of his Majesty’s advocate, or by action on the statute for battery *pendente lite*, whilk would be the winning my plea at once, and so getting a back-door out of Court. — By the Regiam, that beef and brandy is unco het at my heart — I maun try the ale again, (sipped a little beer); and the ale’s but cauld, I maun e’en put in the rest of the brandy.”

He was as good as his word, and proceeded in so loud and animated a style of elocution, thump-

ing the table, drinking and snuffing alternately, that my father abandoning all attempts to interrupt him, sat silent and ashamed, suffering and anxious for the conclusion of the scene.

«And then to come back to my pet process of all — my battery and assault process, when I had the good luck to provoke him to pull my nose at the very threshold of the Court, whilk was the very thing I wanted — Mr Pest, ye ken him, Daddie Fairford? Old Pest was for making it out *hamesucken*, for he said the Court might be said — said — ugh! — to be my dwelling-place. I dwell mair there than ony gate else, and the essence of *hamesucken* is to strike a man in his dwelling-place — mind that, young advocate — and so there's hope Plainstones may be hanged, as many has for a less matter; for, my Lords, — will Pest say to the Justiciary bodies, — my Lords, the Parliament House is Peebles's place of dwelling, says he — being *commune forum*, and *commune forum est commune domicilium* — Lass, fetch another glass of whiskey, and score it — time to gae hame — by the practiques, I cannot find the jug — yet there's twa of them, I think. By the Regiam, Fairford — Daddie Fairford — lend us twal pennies to buy sneeshing, mine is done — Macer, call another cause.»

The box fell from his hands, and his body would at the same time have fallen from the chair, had not I supported him.

“This is intolerable,” said my father — “Call a chairman, James Wilkinson, to carry this degraded, worthless, drunken beast home.”

When Peter Peebles was removed from this memorable consultation, under the care of an able-bodied Celt, my father hastily bundled up the papers, as a showman, whose exhibition has miscarried, hastes to remove his booth. “Here are my memoranda, Alan,” he said, in a hurried way; “look them carefully over — compare them with the processes, and turn it in your head before Tuesday. Many a good speech has been made for a beast of a client; and hark ye, lad, hark ye — I never intended to cheat you of your fee when all was done, though I would have liked to have heard the speech first; but there is nothing like corning the horse before the journey. Here are five goud guineas in a silk purse — of your poor mother’s netting, Alan — she would have been a blithe woman to have seen her young son with a gown on his back — but no more of that — be a good boy, and to the work like a tiger.”

I did set to work, Darsie; for who could resist such motives? With my father’s assistance, I have mastered the details, confused as they are; and on Tuesday, I will plead as well for Peter Peebles, as I could for a duke. Indeed, I feel my head so clear on the subject, as to be able to write this long letter to you; into which, how

ever, Peter and his law-suit have insinuated themselves so far, as to shew you how much they at present occupy my thoughts. Once more, be careful of yourself, and mindful of me, who am ever thine while

ALAN FAIRFORD.

From circumstances, to be hereafter mentioned, it was long ere this letter reached the person to whom it was addressed.

CHAPTER I.

NARRATIVE.

THE advantage of laying before the reader, in the words of the actors themselves, the adventures which we must otherwise have narrated in our own, has given great popularity to the publication of epistolary correspondence, as practised by various great authors, and by ourselves in the preceding volume. Nevertheless, a genuine correspondence of this kind, (and Heaven forbid it should be in any respect sophisticated by interpolations of our own!) can seldom be found to contain all in which it is necessary to instruct the reader for his full comprehension of the story. Also it must often happen that various prolixities and redundancies occur in the course of an interchange of letters, which would only hang as a dead weight on the progress of the narrative. To avoid this dilemma, some biographers have used the letters of the personages concerned,

or liberal extracts from them, to describe particular incidents, or express the sentiments which they entertained; while they connect them occasionally with such portions of narrative, as may serve to carry on the thread of the story.

It is thus that the adventurous travellers who explore the summit of Mont Blanc, now move on so slowly through the crumbling snow-drift, that their progress is almost imperceptible, and anon abridge their journey by springing over the intervening chasms which cross their path, with the assistance of their pilgrim-staves. Or, to make a briefer simile, the course of story-telling which we have for the present adopted, resembles the original discipline of the dragoons, who were trained to serve on foot or horseback, as the emergencies of the service required. With this explanation, we shall proceed to explain some circumstances which Alan Fairford did not, and could not, write to his correspondent.

Our reader, we trust, has formed somewhat approaching to a distinct idea of the principal characters who have appeared before him during the last volume; but in case our good opinion of his sagacity has been exaggerated, and in order to satisfy such as are addicted to the laudable practice of *skipping*, (with whom we have at times a strong fellow feeling,) the following particulars may not be superfluous.

Mr Saunders Fairford, as he was usually called, was a man of business of the old school, moderate in his charges, economical and even close in his expenditure, strictly honest in conducting his own affairs, and those of his clients; but taught by long experience to be wary and suspicious in observing the motions of others. Punctual as the clock of Saint Giles tolled nine, the neat dapper form of the little hale old gentleman was seen at the threshold of the Court hall, or at farthest, at the head of the Back Stairs, neatly dressed in a complete suit of snuff-coloured brown, with stockings of silk or woollen, as suited the weather; a bob-wig, and a small cocked hat: shoes blacked as Warren would have blacked them; silver shoe-buckles, and a gold stock-buckle. A nosegay in summer, and a sprig of holly in winter, completed his well-known dress and appearance. His manners corresponded with his attire, for they were scrupulously civil, and not a little formal. He was an elder of the kirk, and, of course, zealous for King George and government even to slaying, as he had shewed by taking up arms in their cause. But then, as he had clients and connections of business among families of opposite political tenets, he was particularly cautious to use all the conventional phrases which the civility of the time had devised, as an admissible mode of language betwixt the

two parties. Thus he spoke sometimes of the Chevalier, but never either of the Prince, which would have been sacrificing his own principles, or of the Pretender, which would have been offensive to those of others. Again, he usually designated the Rebellion as the *affair* of 1745, and spoke of any one engaged in it as a person who had been *out* at a certain period. So that, on the whole, Mr Fairford was a man much liked and respected on all sides, though his friends would not have been sorry if he had given a dinner more frequently, as his little cellar contained some choice old wine, of which, on such rare occasions, he was no niggard.

The whole pleasure of this good old-fashioned man of method, besides that which he really felt in the discharge of his daily business, was the hope to see his son Alan, the only fruit of an union which death early dissolved, attain what in the father's eyes was the proudest of all distinctions — the rank and fame of a well-employed lawyer.

Every profession has its peculiar honours, and Mr Fairford's mind was constructed upon so limited and exclusive a plan, that he valued nothing, save the objects of ambition which his own presented. He would have shuddered at Alan's acquiring the renown of a hero, and laughed with scorn at the equally barren laurels of literature;

it was by the path of the law alone that he was desirous to see him rise to eminence, and the probabilities of success or disappointment were the thoughts of his father by day, and his dream by night.

The disposition of Alan Fairford, at well as his talents, was such as to encourage his father's expectations. He had acuteness of intellect, joined to habits of long and patient study, improved no doubt by the discipline of his father's house; to which, generally speaking, he conformed with the utmost docility, expressing no wish for greater or more frequent relaxation than consisted with his father's anxious and severe restrictions. When he did indulge in any juvenile frolics, his father had the candour to lay the whole blame upon his more mercurial companion, Darsie Latimer.

This youth, as the reader must be aware, had been received as an inmate into the family of Mr Fairford, senior, at a time when some of the delicacy of constitution which had abridged the life of his consort, began to shew itself in the son, and when the father was, of course, peculiarly disposed to indulge his slightest wish. That the young Englishman was able to pay a considerable board, was a matter of no importance to Mr Fairford; it was enough that his presence seemed to make his son cheerful and happy.

He was compelled to allow that "Darsie was a fine lad, though unsettled," and would have had some difficulty in getting rid of him, and the apprehensions which his levities excited, had it not been for the voluntary excursion which gave rise to the preceding correspondence, and in which Mr Fairford secretly rejoiced, as affording the means of separating Alan from his gay companion, at least until he should have assumed, and become accustomed to, the duties of his dry and laborious profession.

But the absence of Darsie was far from promoting the end which the elder Mr Fairford had expected and desired. The young men were united by the closest bonds of intimacy; and the more so, that neither of them sought or desired to admit any others into their society. Alan Fairford was averse to general company, from a disposition naturally reserved, and Darsie Latimer from a painful sense of his own unknown origin, peculiarly afflicting in a country where high and low are professed genealogists. The young men were all in all to each other; it is no wonder, therefore, that their separation was painful, and that its effects upon Alan Fairford, joined to the anxiety occasioned by the tenor of his friend's letters, greatly exceeded what Mr Saunders had anticipated. The young man went through his usual duties, his studies, and

the examinations to which he was subjected, but with nothing like the zeal and assiduity which he had formerly displayed; and his anxious and observant father saw but too plainly that his heart was with his absent comrade.

A philosopher would have given way to this tide of feeling, in hopes to have diminished its excess, and permitted the youths to have been some time together, that their intimacy might have been broken off by degrees; but Mr Fairford only saw the more direct mode of continued restraint, which, however, he was desirous of veiling under some plausible pretext. In the anxiety which he felt on this occasion, he had held communication with an old acquaintance, Peter Drudgeit, with whom the reader is partly acquainted. «Alan,» he said, «was ance wud, and ay waur; and he was expecting every moment when he would start off in a wild-goose chase after the callant Latimer; Will Sampson, the horse-hirer in Candlemaker-Row, had given him a hint that Alan had been looking for a good hack, to go to the country for a few days. And then to oppose him downright — he could not but think on the way his poor mother was removed — Would to Heaven he was yoked to some tight piece of business, no matter whether well or ill paid, but some job that would hamshackle him

at least until the Courts rose, if it were but for decency's sake."

Peter Drudgeit sympathized, for Peter had a son, who, reason or none, would needs exchange the cut and inky fustian sleeves for the blue jacket and white lapelle; and he suggested, as the reader knows, the engaging our friend Alan in the matter of Poor Peter Peebles, just opened by the desertion of young Dumtoustie, whose defection would be at the same time concealed; and this, Drudgeit said, "would be felling two dogs with one stone."

With these explanations, the reader will hold a man of the elder Fairford's sense and experience free from the hazardous and impatient curiosity with which boys fling a puppy into a deep pond, merely to see if the creature can swim. However confident in his son's talents, which were really considerable, he would have been very sorry to have involved him in the duty of pleading a complicated and difficult case, upon his very first appearance at the bar, had he not resorted to it as an effectual way to prevent the young man from taking a step, which his habits of thinking represented as a most fatal one at his outset in life.

Betwixt two evils, Mr Fairford chose that which was in his own apprehension the least; and, like a brave officer sending forth his son to battle, rather chose he should die upon the breach, than

desert the conflict with dishonour. Neither did he leave him alone to his own unassisted energies. Like Alpheus preceding Hercules, he himself encountered the Augean mass of Peter Peebles's law-matters. It was to the old man a labour of love to place in a clear and undistorted view the real merits of this case, which the carelessness and blunders of Peter's former solicitors had converted into a huge chaotic mass of unintelligible technicality; and such was his skill and industry, that he was able, after the severe toil of two or three days, to present to the consideration of the young counsel the principal facts of the case, in a light equally simple and comprehensible. With the assistance of a solicitor so affectionate and indefatigable, Alan Fairford was enabled, when the day of trial arrived, to walk towards the Court, attended by his anxious yet encouraging parent, with some degree of confidence that he would lose no reputation upon this arduous occasion.

They were met at the door of the Court by Poor Peter Peebles in his usual plenitude of wig and celsitude of hat. He seized on the young pleader like a lion on his prey. "How is a' wi' you, Mr Alan — how is a' wi' you, man? — The awfu' day is come at last — a day that will be lang minded in this house. Poor Peter Peebles against Plainstains — conjoined processes — Hear-

ing in presence — stands for the Short Roll for this day — I have not been able to sleep for a week for thinking of it, and, I dare to say, neither has the Lord President himsell — for such a cause!! But your father gar'd me tak a wee drap ower mickle of his pint bottle the other night; it's no right to mix brandy wi' business, Mr Fairford. I would have been the waur o' liquor if I would have drunk as mickle as you twa would have had me. But there's a time for a things, and if ye will dine with me after the case is heard, or whilk is the same, or maybe better, *I'll gang my ways hame wi' you*, and I winna object to a cheerfu' glass, within the bounds of moderation."

Old Fairford shrugged his shoulders and hurried past the client, saw his son wrapt in the sable bombazine, which, in his eyes, was more venerable than an archbishop's lawn, and could not help fondly patting his shoulder, and whispering to him to take courage, and shew he was worthy to wear it. The party entered the Outer Hall of the Court, (once the place of meeting of the ancient Scottish Parliament,) and which corresponds to the use of Westminster Hall in England, serving as a vestibule to the Inner House, as it is termed, and a place of dominion to certain sedentary personages called Lords Ordinary.

The earlier part of the morning was spent by

old Fairford in reiterating his instructions to Alan, and in running from one person to another, from whom he thought he could still glean some grains of information, either concerning the point at issue, or collateral cases. Meantime, Poor Peter Peebles, whose shallow brain was altogether unable to bear the importance of the moment, kept as close to his young counsel as shadow to substance, affected now to speak loud, now to whisper in his ear, now to deck his ghastly countenance with wreathed smiles, now to cloud it with a shade of deep and solemn importance, and anon to contort it with the sneer of scorn and derision. These moods of the client's mind were accompanied with singular « mockings and mowings, » fantastic gestures, which the man of rags and litigation deemed appropriate to his changes of countenance. Now he brandished his arm aloft, now thrust his fist straight out, as if to knock his opponent down. Now he laid his open palm on his bosom, and now flinging it abroad, he gallantly snapped his fingers in the air.

These demonstrations, and the obvious shame and embarrassment of Alan Fairford, did not escape the observation of the juvenile idlers in the hall. They did not, indeed, approach Peter with their usual familiarity, from some feeling of deference towards Fairford, though many accu-

sed him of conceit in presuming to undertake so early a case of considerable difficulty. But Alan, notwithstanding this forbearance, was not the less sensible that he and his companion were the subjects of many a passing jest, and many a shout of laughter, with which that region at all times abounds.

At length the young counsel's patience gave way, and as it threatened to carry his presence of mind and recollection along with it, Alan frankly told his father, that unless he was relieved from the infliction of his client's personal presence and instructions, he must necessarily throw up his brief, and decline pleading the case.

«Hush, hush, my dear Alan,” said the old gentleman, almost at his own wits end upon hearing this dilemma; «dinna mind the silly ne'er-do-weel; we cannot keep the man from hearing his own cause though he be not quite right in the head.”

«On my life, sir,” answered Alan, «I shall be unable to go on — he drives everything out of my remembrance; and if I attempt to speak seriously of the injuries he has sustained, and the condition he is reduced to, how can I expect but that the very appearance of such an absurd scarecrow will turn it all into ridicule?”

«There is something in that,” said Saunders Fairford, glancing a look at Poor Peter, and

then cautiously inserting his fore-finger under his bob-wig, in order to rub his temple and aid his invention; «he is no figure for the fore-bar to see without laughing; but how to get rid of him? To speak sense, or anything like it, is the last thing he will listen to. — Stay, ay — Alan, my darling, hae patience; I'll get him off on the instant like a gowff ba'." »

So saying, he hastened to his ally, Peter Drudgeit, who, on seeing him with marks of haste in his gait, and care upon his countenance, clapped his pen behind his ear, with «What's the stir now, Mr Saunders? — Is there aught wrang? »

«Here's a dollar, man," said Mr Saunders; «now or never, Peter, do me a good turn. Yonder's your namesake, Peter Peebles, will drive the swine through our bonny hanks of yarn; get him over to John's coffee-house, man — gie him his meridian — keep him there, drunk or sober, till the hearing is ower." »

«Eneugh said," quoth Peter Drudgeit, no way displeased with his own share in the service required, — «We'se do your bidding." »

Accordingly, the scribe was presently seen whispering in the ear of Peter Peebles, whose responses came forth in the following broken form: —

«Leave the Court for ae minute on this great day of judgment? — not I, by the Reg — — Eh!

what? Brandy, did ye say — French brandy? — couldna ye fetch a stoup under your coat, man? — Impossible? Na, if it's clean impossible, and if we have an hour good till they get through the single bills and the summar-roll, I carena if I cross the close wi' you; I am sure I need something to keep my heart up this day; but I'll no stay above an instant — not above a minute of time — nor drink aboon a single gill."

In a few minutes afterwards, the two Peters were seen moving through the Parliament Close, (which new-fangled affectation has termed a square,) the triumphant Drudgeit leading captive the passive Peebles, whose legs conducted him towards the dram-shop, while his reverted eyes were fixed upon the Court. They dived into the Cimmerian abysses of John's Coffee-house, formerly the favourite rendezvous of the classical and genial Dr Pitcairn, and were for the present seen no more.

Relieved from his tormentor, Alan Fairford had time to rally his recollections, which in the irritation of his spirits had nearly escaped him, and to prepare himself for a task, the successful discharge or failure in which must, he was aware, have the deepest interest upon his fortunes. He had pride, was not without a consciousness of talent, and the sense of his father's feelings upon the subject impelled him to the utmost exertion.

Above all, he had that sort of self-command which is essential to success in every arduous undertaking, and he was constitutionally free from that feverish irritability, by which those whose over-active imaginations exaggerate difficulties, render themselves incapable of encountering such when they arrive.

Having collected all the scattered and broken associations which were necessary, Alan's thoughts reverted to Dumfries-shire, and the precarious situation in which he feared his beloved friend had placed himself; and once and again he consulted his watch, eager to have his present task commenced and ended, that he might hasten to Darsie's assistance. The hour and moment at length arrived. The Macer shouted, with all his brazen strength of lungs, "Poor Peter Peebles o. Plainstones, *per Dumtoustie et Tough*: — Maister Da-a-niel Dumtoustie!" But Dumtoustie answered not the summons, which, deep and swelling as it was, could not reach across the Queensferry; but our Maister Alan Fairford appeared in his place.

The Court was very much crowded; for much amusement had been received on former occasions when Peter had volunteered his own oratory, and had been completely successful in routing the gravity of the whole procedure, and putting to silence, not indeed the counsel of the opposite party, but his own.

Both Bench and audience seemed considerably surprised at the juvenile appearance of the young man who appeared in the room of Dumtoustie, for the purpose of opening this complicated and long depending process, and the common herd were disappointed at the absence of Peter the client, the Punchinello of the expected entertainment. The Judges looked with a very favourable countenance on our friend Alan, most of them being acquainted, more or less, with so old a practitioner as his father, and all, or almost all, affording, from civility, the same fair play to the first pleading of a counsel, which the House of Commons yields to the maiden speech of one of its members.

Lord Bladderscate was an exception to this general expression of benevolence. He scowled upon Alan from beneath his large, shaggy, grey eyebrows, just as if the young lawyer had been usurping his nephew's honours, instead of covering his disgrace; and, from feelings which did his lordship little honour, he privately hoped the young man would not succeed in the cause which his kinsman had abandoned.

Even Lord Bladderscate, however, was, in spite of himself, pleased with the judicious and modest tone in which Alan began his address to the Court, apologizing for his own presumption, and excusing it by the sudden illness of his

learned brother, for whom the labour of opening a cause of some difficulty and importance had been much more worthily designed. He spoke of himself as he really was, and of young Dumtoustie as what he ought to have been, taking care not to dwell on either topic a moment longer than was necessary. The old Judge's looks became benign; his family pride was propitiated, and, pleased equally with the modesty and civility of the young man whom he had thought forward and officious, he relaxed the scorn of his features into an expression of profound attention; the highest compliment, and the greatest encouragement, which a judge can render to the counsel addressing him.

Having succeeded in securing the favourable attention of the Court, the young lawyer, using the lights which his father's experience and knowledge of business had afforded him, proceeded with an address and clearness, unexpected from one of his years, to remove from the case itself those complicated formalities with which it had been loaded, as a surgeon strips from a wound the dressings which have been hastily wrapped round it, in order to proceed to his cure *secundum artem*. Developed of the cumbrous and complicated technicalities of litigation, which the perverse obstinacy of the client, the inconsiderate haste, or the ignorance of his agents,

and the evasions of a subtle adversary had occasioned, the cause of Poor Peter Peeles, standing upon its simple merits, was no bad subject for the declamation of a young counsel, nor did our friend Alan fail to avail himself of its strong points.

He exhibited his client as a simple-hearted, honest, well-meaning man, who, during a co-partnership of twelve years, had gradually become impoverished, while his partner, (his former clerk,) having no funds but his share of the same business, into which he had been admitted without any advance of stock, had become gradually more and more wealthy.

"Their association," said Alan, and the little flight was received with some applause, "resembled the ancient story of the fruit which was carved with a knife poisoned on one side of the blade only, so that the individual to whom the envenomed portion was served, drew decay and death from what afforded savour and sustenance to the consumer of the other moiety." He then plunged boldly into the *mare magnum* of accounts between the parties; he pursued each false statement from the waste-book to the day-book, from the day-book to the bill-book, from the bill-book to the ledger; placed the artful interpolations and insertions of the fallacious Plainstones in array against each other, and against

the fact; and availing himself to the utmost of his father's previous labours, and his own knowledge of accompts, in which he had been sedulously trained, he laid before the Court a clear and intelligible statement of the affairs of the copartnery, shewing, with precision, that a large balance must, at the dissolution, have been due to his client, sufficient to have enabled him to have carried on business on his own account, and thus to have retained his situation in society, as an independent and industrious trademan. "But instead of this justice being voluntarily rendered by the former clerk to his former master, — by the party obliged to his benefactor, — by one honest man to another, — his wretched client had been compelled to follow his quondam clerk, his present debtor, from Court to Court; had found his just claims met with well-invented but unfounded counter-claims, had seen his party shift his character of pursuer or defender, as often as Harlequin effects his transformations, till, in a chase so varied and so long, the unhappy litigant had lost substance, reputation, and almost the use of reason itself, and came before their Lordships an object of thoughtless derision to the unreflecting, of compassion to the better-hearted, and of awful meditation to every one, who considered that, in a country where excellent laws were administered by upright and incorruptible judges,

a man might pursue an almost indisputable claim through all the mazes of litigation; lose fortune, reputation, and reason itself in the chase, and now come before the Supreme Court of his country in the wretched condition of his unhappy client, a victim to protracted justice, and to that hope delayed which sickens the heart."

The force of this appeal to feeling made as much impression on the Bench, as had been previously effected by the clearness of Alan's argument. The absurd form of Peter himself, with his tow-wig, was fortunately not present to excite any ludicrous emotion, and the pause that took place when the young lawyer had concluded his speech, was followed by a murmur of approbation, which the ears of his father drank in as the sweetest sounds that had ever entered them. Many a hand of gratulation was thrust out to his grasp, trembling as it was with anxiety, and finally with delight; his voice faltering, as he replied, "Ay, ay, I kend Alan was the lad to make a spoon or spoil a horn."

The counsel on the other side arose, an old practitioner, who had noted too closely the impression made by Alan's pleading not to fear the consequences of an immediate decision. He paid the highest compliments to his very young brother — "the Benjamin, as he would presume to call him, of the learned Faculty — said the al-

leged hardships of Mr Peebles were compensated, by his being placed in a situation where the benevolence of their Lordships had assigned him gratuitously such assistance as he might not otherwise have obtained at a high price—and allowed his young brother had put many things in such a new point of view, that, although he was quite certain of his ability to refute them, he was honestly desirous of having a few hours to arrange his answer, in order to be able to follow Mr. Fairford from point to point. He had further to observe, there was one point of the case to which his brother, whose attention had been otherwise so wonderfully comprehensive, had not given the consideration which he expected; it was founded on the interpretation of certain correspondence which had passed betwixt the parties, soon after the dissolution of the copartnery.”

The Court having heard Mr Tough, readily allowed him two days for preparing himself, hinting, at the same time, that he might find his task difficult, and affording the young counsel, with high encomiums upon the mode in which he had acquitted himself, the choice of speaking, either now or at next calling of the cause, upon the point which Plainstanes’s lawyer had adverted to.

Alan modestly apologized for what in fact had been an omission very pardonable in so compli-

cated a case, and professed himself instantly ready to go through that correspondence, and prove that it was in form and substance exactly applicable to the view of the case he had submitted to his lordship. He applied to his father, who sat behind him, to hand him, from time to time, the letters, in the order in which he meant to read and comment upon them.

Old Counsellor Tough had probably formed an ingenious enough scheme to blunt the effect of the young lawyer's reasoning, by thus obliging him to follow up a process of reasoning, clear and complete in itself, by a hasty and extemporary appendix. If so, he seemed likely to be disappointed; for Alan was well prepared on this, as on other parts of the cause, and recommenced his pleading with a degree of animation and spirit, which added force even to what he had formerly stated, and might perhaps have occasioned the old gentleman regretting his having again called him up; when his father, as he handed him the letters, put one into his hand which produced a singular effect on the pleader.

At the first glance, he saw that the paper had no reference to the affairs of Peter Peebles; but the first glance also shewed him, what, even at that time, and in that presence, he could not help reading; and which, being read, seemed totally to disconcert his ideas. He stopped short in his

harangue — gazed on the paper with a look of surprise and horror — uttered an exclamation, and flinging down the brief which he had in his hand, hurried out of court without returning a single word of answer to the various questions, “What was the matter?” — “Was he taken unwell?” — “Should not a chair be called?” etc. etc. etc.

The elder Mr Fairford, who remained seated, and looking as senseless as if he had been made of stone, was at length recalled to himself by the anxious inquiries of the judges and the counsel after his son’s health. He then rose with an air, in which was mingled the deep habitual reverence in which he held the Court, with some internal cause of agitation, and with difficulty mentioned something of a mistake — a piece of bad news — Alan, he hoped, would be well enough to-morrow. But unable to proceed farther, he clasped his hands together, exclaiming, “My son! my son!” and left the court hastily, as if in pursuit of him.

“What’s the matter with the auld bitch next?” said an acute metaphysical judge, aside to his brethren. “This is a daft cause, Bladder-scate — first, it drives the poor man mad that ought it — then your nevoy goes daft with fright — then this smart young hopeful is aff the hooks with too hard study, I fancy — and now auld Saunders Fairford is as lunatic as the best of them. What say ye till’t, ye bitch?”

“Nothing, my lord,” answered Bladderscate, much too formal to admire the levities in which his philosophical brother sometimes indulged — “I say nothing, but pray to Heaven to keep our own wits.”

“Amen, amen,” answered his learned brother; “for some of us have but few to spare.”

The Court then arose, and the audience departed, greatly wondering at the talent displayed by Alan Fairford at his first appearance in a case so difficult and so complicated, and assigning an hundred conjectural causes, each different from the others, for the singular interruption which had clouded his day of success. The worst of the whole was, that six agents, who had each come to the separate resolution of thrusting a retaining fee into Alan’s hand as he left the court, shook their heads as they returned the money into their leathern pouches, and said, “that the lad was clever, but they would like to see more of him before they engaged him in the way of business — they did not like his lowping away like a flea in a blanket.”

CHAPTER. II.

HAD our friend Alexander Fairford known the consequences of his son's abrupt retreat from the Court, which are mentioned in the end of the last chapter, it might have accomplished the prediction of the lively old judge, and driven him utterly distracted. As it was, he was miserable enough. His son had risen ten degrees higher in his estimation than ever, by his display of juridical talents, which seemed to assure him that the applause of the judges and professors of the law, which, in his estimation, was worth that of all mankind besides, authorized to the fullest extent the advantageous estimate which even his parental partiality had been induced to form of Alan's powers. On the other hand, he felt that he was himself a little humbled from a disguise which he had practised towards this son of his hopes and wishes.

The truth was, that on the morning of this eventful day, Mr Alexander Fairford had recei-

ved from his correspondent and friend, Provost Crosbie of Dumfries, a letter of the following tenor : —

« DEAR SIR,

« YOUR respected favour of 25th ultimo, per favour of Mr Darsie Latimer, reached me in safety, and I shewed to the young gentleman such attentions as he was pleased to accept of. The object of my present writing is twofold. First, the council are of opinion that you should now begin to stir in the thirlage cause; and they think they will be able, from evidence *noviter repertum*, to enable you to amend your condescendence upon the use and wont of the burgh, touching the *grana invecta et illata*. So you will please consider yourself as authorized to speak to Mr Pest, and lay before him the papers which you will receive by the coach. The council think that a fee of two guineas may be sufficient on this occasion, as Mr Pest had three for drawing the original condescendence.

« I take the opportunity of adding, that there has been a great riot among the Solway fishermen, who have destroyed, in a masterful manner, the stake-nets set up near the mouth of this river; and have besides attacked the house of Quaker Geddes, one of the principal partners of

the Tide-net Fishing Company, and done a great deal of damage. Am sorry to add, young Mr Latimer was in the fray, and has not since been heard of. Murder is spoke of, but that may be a word of course. As the young gentleman has behaved rather oddly while in these parts, as in declining to dine with me more than once, and going about the country with strolling fiddlers and such-like, I rather hope that his present absence is only occasioned by a frolic; but as his servant has been making inquiries at me respecting his master, I thought it best to acquaint you in course of post. I have only to add, that our Sheriff has taken a precognition, and committed one or two of the rioters. If I can be useful in this matter, either by advertising for Mr Latimer as missing, publishing a reward, or otherwise, I will obey your respected instructions, being your most obedient to command,

WILLIAM CROSBIE."

When Mr Fairford received this letter, and had read it to an end, his first idea was to communicate it to his son, that an express might be instantly dispatched, or a King's messenger sent with proper authority to search after his late guest.

The habits of the fishers were rude, as he well

knew, though not absolutely sanguinary or ferocious; and there had been instances of their transporting persons who had interfered in their smuggling trade to the Isle of Man, and elsewhere, and keeping them under restraint for many weeks. On this account, Mr Fairford was naturally led to feel anxiety concerning the fate of his late inmate; and, at a less interesting moment, would certainly have set out himself, or licensed his son to go in pursuit of his friend.

But the case of Poor Peter Peebles against Plainstones was, he saw, adjourned, perhaps *sine die*, should this document reach the hands of his son. The mutual and enthusiastical affection betwixt the young men was well known to him; and he concluded, that if the precarious state of Latimer were made known to Alan Fairford, it would render him not only unwilling, but totally unfit, to discharge the duty of the day, to which the old gentleman attached such ideas of importance.

On mature reflection, therefore, he resolved, though not without some feelings of compunction, to delay communicating to his son the disagreeable intelligence which he had received, until the business of the day should be ended. The delay, he persuaded himself, could be of little consequence to Darsie Latimer, whose folly, he dared to say, had led him into some scrape which would meet an appropriate punishment, in some

accidental restraint, which would be thus prolonged for only a few hours longer. Besides, he would have time to speak to the Sheriff of the county — perhaps to the King's Advocate — and set about the matter in a regular manner.

The scheme, as we have seen, was partially successful, and was only ultimately defeated, as he confessed to himself with shame, by his own very unbusiness-like mistake of shuffling the Provost's letter, in the hurry and anxiety of the morning, among some papers belonging to Peter Peebles's affairs, and then handing it to his son, without observing the blunder. He used to protest, even till the day of his death, that he never had been guilty of such an inaccuracy as giving a paper out of his hand without looking at the docketing, except on that unhappy occasion, when, of all others, he had such particular occasion to regret his negligence.

Disturbed by these reflections, the old gentleman had, for the first time in his life, some disinclination, arising from shame and vexation, to face his own son; so that to protract for a little the meeting, which he feared would be a painful one, he went to wait upon the Sheriff-depute, who he found had set off for Dumfries, in great haste, to superintend in person the investigation which had been set on foot by his Substitute. This gentleman's clerk could say little on the subject of

the riot, excepting that it had been serious, much damage done to property, and some personal violence offered to individuals; but, as far as he had yet heard, no lives lost on the spot.

Mr Fairford was compelled to return home with this intelligence; and on inquiring at James Wilkinson where his son was, received for answer, that «Maister Alan was in his own room, and very busy.»

«We must have our explanation over,» said Saunders Fairford to himself. «Better a finger off, as aye wagging;» and going to the door of his son's apartment, he knocked at first gently—then more loudly — but received no answer. Somewhat alarmed at this silence, he opened the door of the apartment—it was empty—clothes lay mixed in confusion with the law-books and papers, as if the inmate had been engaged in hastily packing for a journey. As Mr Fairford looked around in alarm, his eye was arrested by a sealed letter lying upon his son's writing-table, and addressed to himself. It contained the following words:—

«MY DEAREST FATHER,

«You will not, I trust, be surprised, nor perhaps very much displeased, to learn that I am now on my way to Dumfries-shire, to learn, by

my own personal investigation, the present state of my dear friend, and afford him such relief as may be in my power, and which, I trust, will be effectual. I do not presume to reflect upon you, dearest sir, for concealing from me information of so much consequence to my peace of mind and happiness; but I hope your having done so will be, if not an excuse, at least some mitigation of my present offence, in taking a step of consequence without consulting your pleasure; and, I must further own, under circumstances which perhaps might lead to your disapprobation of my purpose. I can only say, in further apology, that if anything unhappy, which Heaven forbid! shall have occurred to the person who, next to yourself, is dearest to me in this world, I shall have on my heart, as a subject of eternal regret, that, being in a certain degree warned of his danger, and furnished with the means of obviating it, I did not instantly hasten to his assistance, but preferred giving my attention to the business of this unlucky morning. No view of personal distinction, nothing, indeed, short of your earnest and often expressed wishes, could have detained me in town till this day; and having made this sacrifice to filial duty, I trust you will hold me excused, if I now obey the calls of friendship and humanity. Do not be in the least anxious on my account; I shall know, I

trust, how to conduct myself with due caution in any emergence which may occur, otherwise my legal studies for so many years have been to little purpose. I am fully provided with money, and also with arms, in case of need; but you may rely on my prudence in avoiding all occasions of using the latter, short of the last necessity. God Almighty bless you, my dearest father! and grant that you may forgive the first, and, I trust, the last act approaching towards disobedience, of which I either have now, or shall hereafter have, to accuse myself. I remain, till death, your dutiful and affectionate son,

«ALAN FAIRFORD.

«P. S. — I will write with the utmost regularity, acquainting you with my motions, and requesting your advice. I trust my stay will be very short, and I think it possible that I shall bring back Darsie along with me.»

The paper dropped from the old man's hand when he was thus assured of the misfortune which he apprehended. His first idea was to get a post-chaise and pursue the fugitive; but he recollected, that, upon the very rare occasions when Alan had shewn himself indocile to the *patria potestas*, his natural ease and gentleness of disposition seemed hardened into obstinacy, and that now,

entitled, as arrived at the years of majority, and a member of the learned Faculty, to direct his own motions, there was great doubt whether, in the event of his overtaking his son, he might be able to prevail on him to return back. In such a risk of failure, he thought it wiser to desist from his purpose, especially as even his success in such a pursuit would give a ridiculous eclat to the whole affair, which could not be otherwise than prejudicial to his son's rising character.

Bitter, however, were Saunders Fairford's reflections, as again picking up the fatal scroll, he threw himself into his son's leathern easy-chair, and bestowed upon it a disjointed commentary. «Bring back Darsie? little doubt of that — the bad shilling is sure enough to come back again. I wish Darsie no worse ill than that he were carried where the silly fool, Alan, should never see him again. It was an ill hour that he darkened my doors in, for, ever since that, Alan has given up his ain old-fashioned mother-wit, for the t'other's cappernoited maggots and nonsense. — Provided with money? you must have more than I know of, then, my friend, for I trow I kept you pretty short for your own good. — Can he have gotten more fees? or, does he think five guineas has neither beginning nor end? — Arms! What would he do with arms, or what would any man do with them, that is not a regular sol-

dier under government, or else a thief-taker? I have had enough of arms, I trow, although I carried them for King George and government. But this is a worse strait than Falkirk-field yet. — God guide us, we are poor inconsistent creatures! To think the lad should have made so able an appearance, and then bolted off this gate, after a glaikit ne'er-do-weel, like a hound upon a false scent! — Lac-a-day! it's a sore thing to see a stunkard cow kick down the pail when it's reaming fou. — But, after all, it is an ill bird that defiles its ain nest. I must cover up the scandal as well as I can. — What's the matter now, James? ”

“A message, sir,” said James Wilkinson, “from my Lord President; and he hopes Mr Alan is not seriously indisposed.”

“From the Lord President? the Lord preserve us! — I'll send an answer this instant; bid the lad sit down, and ask him to drink, James. — Let me see,” continued he, taking a sheet of gilt paper, “how we are to draw our answers.”

Ere his pen had touched the paper, James was in the room again.

“What now, James? ”

“Lord Bladderscate's lad is come to ask how Mr Alan is, as he left the Court — — ”

“Ay, ay, ay,” answered Saunders, bitterly; “he has e'en made a moonlight flitting like my Lord's own nevoy.”

“Shall I say sae, sir?” said James, who, as an old soldier, was literal in all things touching the service.

“The devil! no, no! — Bid the lad sit down and taste our ale. I will write his lordship an answer.”

Once more the gilt paper was resumed, and once more the door was opened by James.

“Lord —— sends his servitor to ask after Mr Alan.”

“Oh, the deevil take their civility!” said poor Saunders. “Set him down to drink too — I will write to his lordship.”

“The lads will bide your pleasure, sir, as lang as I keep the bicker fou; but this ringing is like to wear out the bell, I think; there are they at it again.”

He answered the fresh summons accordingly, and came back to inform Mr Fairford, that the Dean of Faculty was called to inquire for Mr Alan. — “Will I set him down to drink, too?” said James.

“Will you be an idiot, sir?” said Mr Fairford. “Shew Mr Dean into the parlour.”

In going slowly down stairs, step by step, the perplexed man of business had time enough to reflect, that if it be possible to put a fair gloss upon a true story, the verity always serves the purpose

better than any substitute which ingenuity can devise. He therefore told his learned visitor, that although his son had been incommoded by the heat of the court, and the long train of hard study, by day and night, preceding his exertions, yet he had fortunately so far recovered, as to be in condition to obey upon the instant a sudden summons which had called him to the country, on a matter of life and death.

«It should be a serious matter indeed that takes my young friend away at this moment,” said the good-natured Dean. «I wish he had staid to finish his pleading, and put down old Tough. Without compliment, Mr Fairford, it was as fine a first appearance as I ever heard. I should be sorry your son did not follow it up in a reply. Nothing like striking while the iron is hot.”

Mr Saunders Fairford made a bitter grimace as he acquiesced in an opinion which was indeed decidedly his own; but he thought it most prudent to reply, «that the affair which rendered his son Alan's presence in the country absolutely necessary, regarded the affairs of a young gentleman of great fortune, who was a particular friend of Alan's, and who never took any material step in his affairs, without consulting his counsel learned in the law.”

«Well, well, Mr Fairford, you know best,”

answered the learned Dean; "if there be death or marriage in the case, a will or a wedding is to be preferred to all other business. I am happy Mr Alan is so much recovered as to be able for travel, and wish you a very good morning."

Having thus taken his ground to the Dean of Faculty, Mr Fairford hastily wrote cards in answer to the inquiry of the three judges, accounting for Alan's absence in the same manner. These, being properly sealed and addressed, he delivered to James, with directions to dismiss the parti-coloured gentry, who, in the meanwhile, had consumed a gallon of twopenny ale, while discussing points of law, and addressing each other by their masters' titles.

The exertion which these matters demanded, and the interest which so many persons of legal distinction appeared to have taken in his son, greatly relieved the oppressed spirit of Saunders Fairford, who continued to talk mysteriously of the very important business which had interfered with his son's attendance during the brief remainder of the session. He endeavoured to lay the same unction to his own heart; but here the application was less fortunate, for his conscience told him, that no end, however important, which could be achieved in Darsie Latimer's affairs, could be balanced against the reputation which

Alan was like to forfeit, by deserting the cause of Poor Peter Peebles.

In the meanwhile, although the haze which surrounded the cause, or causes, of that unfortunate litigant had been for a time dispelled by Alan's eloquence, like a fog by the thunder of artillery, yet it seemed to settle down upon it, thick as the palpable darkness of Egypt, at the very sound of Mr Tough's voice, who, on the second day after Alan's departure, was heard in answer to the opening counsel. Deep-mouthed, long-breathed, and pertinacious, taking a pinch of snuff betwixt every sentence, which otherwise seemed interminable — the veteran pleader prosed over all the themes which had been treated so luminously by Fairford; he quietly and imperceptibly replaced all the rubbish which the other had cleared away; and succeeded in restoring the veil of obscurity and unintelligibility which had for many years obscured the case of Peebles against Plainstones; and the matter was once more hung up by a remit to an accomptant, with instruction to report before answer. So different a result from that which the public had been led to expect from Alan's speech, gave rise to various speculations.

The client himself opined, that it was entirely owing, first, to his own absence during the first day's pleading, being, as he said, deboshed with

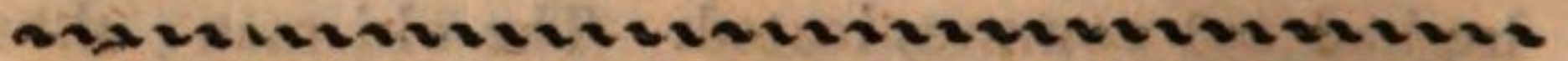
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brandy, usquebaugh, and other strong waters, at John's Coffee-house, *per ambages* of Peter Drudgeit, employed to that effect by and through the device, counsel, and covyne of Saunders Fairford, his agent, or pretended agent. Secondly, by the flight and voluntary desertion of the younger Fairford, the advocate; on account of which, he served both father and son with a petition and complaint against them, for malversation in office. So that the apparent and most probable issue of this cause seemed to menace the melancholy Mr Saunders Fairford with additional subject for plague and mortification; which was the more galling, as his conscience told him that the case was really given away, and that a very brief resumption of the former argument, with reference to the necessary authorities and points of evidence, would have enabled Alan, by the mere breath, as it were, of his mouth, to blow away the various cobwebs with which Mr Tough had again invested the proceedings. But it went, he said, just like a decreet in absence, and was lost for want of a contradictor.

In the meantime, nearly a week passed over without Mr Fairford hearing a word directly from his son. He learned, indeed, by a letter from Mr Crosbie, that the young counsellor had safely reached Dumfries, but had left that town upon some ulterior researches, the purpose of which

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he had not communicated. The old man, thus left to suspense, and to mortifying recollections, deprived also of the domestic society to which he had been habituated, began to suffer in the body as well as the mind. He had formed the determination of setting out in person for Dumfriesshire, when, after having been dogged, peevish, and snappish to his clerks and domestics, to an unusual and almost intolerable degree, the acrimonious humours settled in a hissing-hot fit of the gout, which is a well-known tamer of the most froward spirits, and under whose discipline we shall, for the present, leave him, as the continuation of this history assumes, with the next division, a form somewhat different from direct narrative and epistolary correspondence, though partaking of the character of both.



CHAPTER III.

JOURNAL OF DARSIE LATIMER.

[The following Address is written on the inside of the envelope which contained the Journal.]

INTO what hands soever these leaves may fall, they will instruct him, during a certain time at least, in the history of the life of an unfortunate young man, who, in the heart of a free country, and without any crime being laid to his charge, has been, and is, subjected to a course of unlawful and violent restraint. He who opens this letter, is therefore conjured to apply to the nearest magistrate, and, following such indications as the papers may afford, to exert himself for the relief of one, who, while he possesses every claim to assistance which oppressed innocence can give, has, at the same time, both the inclination and the means of being grateful to

his deliverers. Or, if the person obtaining these letters shall want courage or means to effect the writer's release, he is, in that case, conjured, by every duty of a man to his fellow mortals, and of a Christian towards one who professes the same holy faith, to take the speediest measures for conveying them with speed and safety to the hands of Alan Fairford, Esq. Advocate, residing in the family of his father, Alexander Fairford, Esq. Writer to the Signet, Brown's Square, Edinburgh. He may be assured of a liberal reward, besides the consciousness of having discharged a real duty to humanity.

MY DEAREST ALAN,

FEELING as warmly towards you in doubt and in distress, as I ever did in the brightest days of our intimacy, it is to you whom I address a history which may perhaps fall into very different hands. A portion of my former spirit descends to my pen, when I write your name, and indulging the happy thought that you may be my deliverer from my present uncomfortable and alarming situation, as you have been my guide and counsellor on every former occasion, I will subdue the dejection which would otherwise

overwhelm me. Therefore, as, Heaven knows, I have time enough to write, I will endeavour to pour my thoughts out, as fully and freely as of old, though probably without the same gay and happy levity.

If the papers should reach other hands than yours, still I will not regret this exposure of my feelings; for, allowing for an ample share of the folly incidental to youth and inexperience, I fear not that I have much to be ashamed of in my narrative; nay, I even hope, that the open simplicity and frankness with which I am about to relate every singular and distressing circumstance, may prepossess even a stranger in my favour; and that, amid the multitude of seemingly trivial circumstances which I detail at length, a clew may be found to effect my liberation.

Another chance certainly remains — the Journal, as I may call it, may never reach the hands, either of the dear friend to whom it is addressed, or those of an indifferent stranger, but may become the prey of the persons by whom I am at present treated as a prisoner. Let it be so — they will learn from it little but what they already know; that, as a man, and an Englishman, my soul revolts at the usage which I have received; that I am determined to essay every possible means to obtain my freedom; that captivity has not broken my spirit, and that, although they

may doubtless complete their oppression by murder, I am still willing to bequeath my cause to the justice of my country. Undeterred, therefore, by the probability that my papers may be torn from me, and subjected to the inspection of one in particular, who, causelessly my enemy already, may be yet farther incensed at me for recording the history of my wrongs, I proceed to resume the history of events which have befallen me since the conclusion of my last letter to my dear Alan Fairford, dated, if I mistake not, on the 5th day of this still current month of August.

Upon the night preceding the date of that letter, I had been present, for the purpose of an idle frolic, at a dancing party at the village of Brokenburn, about six miles from Dumfries; many persons must have seen me there, should the fact appear of importance sufficient to require investigation. I danced, played on the violin, and took part in the festivity till about midnight, when my servant, Samuel Owen, brought me my horses, and I rode back to a small inn called Shepherd's Bush, kept by Mrs Nixon, which had been occasionally my residence for about a fortnight past. I spent the earlier part of the forenoon in writing a letter, which I have already mentioned, to you, my dear Alan, and which, I think, you must have received in safety. Why

did I not follow your advice, so often given me? Why did I linger in the neighbourhood of a danger, of which a kind voice had warned me? These are now unavailing questions; I was blinded by a fatality, and remained, fluttering like a moth around the candle, until I have been scorched to some purpose.

The greater part of the day had passed, and time hung heavy on my hands. I ought, perhaps, to blush at recollecting what has been often objected to me by the dear friend to whom this letter is addressed, viz. the facility with which I have, in moments of indolence, suffered my motions to be directed by any person who chanced to be near me, instead of taking the labour of thinking or deciding for myself. I had employed for some time, as a sort of guide and errand-boy, a boy named Benjamin, the son of one widow Coltherd, who lives near the Shepherd's Bush, and I cannot but remember that, upon several occasions, I had of late suffered him to possess more influence over my motions, than at all became the difference of our age and condition. At present, he exerted himself to persuade me that it was the finest possible sport to see the fish taken out from the nets placed in the Solway at the reflux of the tide, and urged my going thither this evening so much, that, looking back on the whole circumstances, I cannot but think he had some

particular motive for his conduct. These particulars I have mentioned, that if these papers fall into friendly hands, the boy may be sought after and submitted to examination.

His eloquence being unable to persuade me that I should take any pleasure in seeing the fruitless struggles of the fish when left in the nets and deserted by the tide, he artfully suggested, that Mr and Miss Geddes, a respectable Quaker family well known in the neighbourhood, and with whom I had contracted habits of intimacy, would possibly be offended if I did not make them an early visit. Both, he said, had been particularly inquiring the reasons of my leaving their house rather suddenly on the previous day. I resolved, therefore, to walk up to Mount Sharon and make my apologies; and I agreed to permit the boy to attend upon me, and wait my return from the house, that I might fish on my way homeward to Shepherd's Bush, for which amusement, he assured me, I would find the evening most favourable. I mention this minute circumstance, because I strongly suspect that this boy had a presentiment how the evening was to terminate with me, and entertained the selfish though childish wish of securing to himself an angling-rod which he had often admired, as a part of my spoils. I may do the boy wrong, but I had before remarked in him

the peculiar art of pursuing the trifling objects of cupidity proper to his age, with the systematic address of much riper years.

When we had commenced our walk, I upbraided him with the coolness of the evening, considering the season, the easterly wind, and other circumstances, unfavourable for angling. He persisted in his own story, and made a few casts, as if to convince me of my error, but caught no fish; and, indeed, as I am now convinced, was much more intent on watching my motions, than on taking any. When I ridiculed him once more on his fruitless endeavours, he answered with a sneering smile, that "the trouts would not rise, because there was thunder in the air;" an intimation which, in one sense, I have found too true.

I arrived at Mount Sharon; was received by my friends there with their wonted kindness; and after being a little rallied on my having suddenly left them on the preceding evening, I agreed to make atonement by staying all night, and dismissed the lad who attended with my fishing-rod, to carry that information to Shepherd's Bush. It may be doubted whether he went thither, or in a different direction.

Betwixt eight and nine o'clock, when it began to become dark, we walked on the terrace to enjoy the appearance of the firmament, glittering with

ten million of stars; to which a slight touch of early frost gave tenfold lustre. As we gazed on this splendid scene, Miss Geddes, I think, was the first to point out to our admiration a shooting or falling star, which, she said, drew a long train after it. Looking to the part of the heavens which she pointed out, I distinctly observed two successive sky-rockets arise and burst in the sky.

“These meteors,” said Mr Geddes, in answer to his sister’s observation, “are not formed in heaven, nor do they bode any good to the dwellers upon earth.”

As he spoke, I looked to another quarter of the sky, and a rocket, as if a signal in answer to those which had already appeared, rose high from the earth, and burst apparently among the stars.

Mr Geddes seemed very thoughtful for some minutes, and then said to his sister, “Rachel, though it waxes late, I must go down to the fishing station, and pass the night in the overseer’s room there.”

“Nay, then,” replied the lady, “I am but too well assured that the sons of Belial are menacing these nets and devices. Joshua, art thou a man of peace, and wilt thou willingly and wittingly thrust thyself, where thou may’st be tempted by the old man Adam within thee, to enter into debate and strife?”

“I am a man of peace, Rachel,” answered Mr Geddes; “even to the utmost extent which our friends can demand of humanity; and neither have I ever used, nor, with the help of God, will I at any future time employ, the arm of flesh to repel or to revenge injuries. But if I can, by mild reasons and firm conduct, save those rude men from committing a crime, and the property belonging to myself and others from sustaining damage, surely I do but the duty of a man and a Christian.”

With these words, he ordered his horse instantly; and his sister ceasing to argue with him, folded her arms upon her bosom, and looked up to heaven with a resigned and yet sorrowful countenance.

These particulars may appear trivial; but it is better, in my present condition, to exert my faculties in recollecting the past, and in recording it, than waste them in vain and anxious anticipations of the future.

It would have been scarcely proper in me to remain in the house, from which the master was thus suddenly summoned away; and I therefore begged permission to attend him to the fishing station, assuring his sister that I would be a guarantee for his safety.

The proposal seemed to give much pleasure to Miss Geddes. “Let it be so, brother,” she said;

“and let the young man have the desire of his heart, that there may be a faithful witness to stand by thee in the hour of need, and to report how it shall fare with thee.”

“Nay, Rachel,” said the worthy man, “thou art to blame in this, that to quiet thy apprehensions on my account, thou shouldst thrust into danger — if danger it shall prove to be — this youth, our guest; for whom, doubtless, in case of mishap, as many hearts will be sore as may be afflicted on our account.”

“No, my good friend,” said I, taking Mr Geddes’s hands, “I am not so happy as you suppose me. Were my span to be concluded this evening, few would so much as know that such a being had existed for twenty years on the face of the earth; and of these few, only one would sincerely regret me. Do not, therefore, refuse me the privilege of attending you; and of shewing, by so trifling an act of kindness, that if I have few friends, I am at least desirous to serve them.”

“Thou art a kind heart, I warrant thee,” said Joshua Geddes, returning the pressure of my hand. “Rachel, the young man shall go with me. Why should he not face danger, in order to do justice and preserve peace? There is that within me,” he added, looking upwards, and with a passing enthusiasm which I had not before ob-

served, and which perhaps rather belonged to the sect than to his own personal character — “I say, I have that within which assures me, that though the ungodly may rage even like the storm of the ocean, they shall not have freedom to prevail against us.”

Having spoken thus, Mr Geddes appointed a pony to be saddled for my use; and having taken a basket with some provisions, and a servant to carry back the horses, for which there was no accommodation at the fishing station, we set off about nine o'clock at night, and after three quarters of an hour's riding, arrived at our place of destination.

The station consists, or then consisted, of huts for four or five fishermen, a cooperage and sheds, and a better sort of cottage, at which the superintendant resided. We gave our horses to the servant, to be carried back to Mount Sharon; my companion expressing himself humanely anxious for their safety — and knocked at the door of the house. At first we only heard a barking of dogs; but these animals became quiet on snuffing beneath the door, and acknowledging the presence of friends. A hoarse voice then demanded, in rather unfriendly accents, who we were, and what we wanted; and it was not until Joshua named himself, and called upon his superintendant to open, that the latter appeared at the door of the hut,

attended by three large dogs of the Newfoundland breed. He had a flambeau in his hand, and two large heavy ship-pistols stuck into his belt. He was a stout, elderly man, who had been a sailor, as I learned, during the earlier part of his life, and was now much confided in by the Fishing Company, whose concerns he directed under the orders of Mr Geddes.

«Thou didst not expect me to - night, friend Davies?» said my friend to the old man, who was arranging seats for us by the fire.

«No, Master Geddes,» answered he, «I did not expect you, nor, to speak the truth, did I wish for you either.»

«These are plain terms, John Davies,» answered Mr Geddes.

«Ay, ay, sir, I know your worship loves no holiday speeches.»

«Thou dost guess, I suppose, what brings us here so late, John Davies?» said Mr Geddes.

«I do suppose, sir,» answered the superintendent, «that it was because these d—d smuggling wreckers on the coast are shewing their lights to gather their forces, as they did the night before they broke down the dam-dike and wears up the country; but if that same be the case, I wish once more you had staid away, for your worship carries no fighting tackle aboard, I think; and there will be work for such ere morning, your worship.»

“Worship is due to Heaven only, John Davies,” said Geddes. “I have often desired thee to desist from using that phrase to me.”

“I won’t, then,” said John; “no offence meant: But how the devil can a man stand picking his words, when he is just going to come to blows?”

“I hope not, John Davies,” said Joshua Geddes. “Call in the rest of the men, that I may give them their instructions.”

“I may cry till Dooms-day, Mr Geddes, ere a soul answers — the cowardly lubbers have all made sail — the cooper, and all the rest of them, so soon as they heard the enemy were at sea. They have all taken to the long-boat, and left the ship among the breakers, except little Phil and myself — they have, by —!”

“Swear not at all, John Davies — thou art an honest man; and I believe, without an oath, that thy comrades love their own bones better than my goods and chattels. — And so thou hast no assistance but little Phil against a hundred men or two?”

“Why, there are the dogs, your honour knows, Neptune and Thetis — and the puppy may do something; and then though your worship — I beg pardon — though your honour be no great fighter, this young gentleman may bear a hand.”

“Ay, and I see you are provided with arms,” said Mr Geddes; “let me see them.”

“Ay, ay, sir; here be a pair of buffers will bite as well as bark — these will make sure of two rogues at least. It would be a shame to strike without firing a shot. — Take care, your honour; they are double-shotted.”

“Ay, John Davies, I will take care of them,” throwing the pistols into a tub of water beside him; “and I wish I could render the whole generation of them useless at the same moment.”

A deep shade of displeasure passed over John Davies’s weather-beaten countenance. “Belike your honour is going to take the command yourself then?” he said, after a pause. “Why, I can be of little use now; and since your worship, or your honour, or whatever you are, means to strike quietly, I believe you will do it better without me than with me, for I am like enough to make mischief, I admit; but I’ll never leave my post without orders.”

“Then you have mine, John Davies, to go to Mount Sharon directly, and take the boy Phil with you. Where is he?”

“He is on the outlook for these scums of the earth,” answered Davies; “but it is to no purpose to know when they come, if we are not to stand to our weapons.”

“We will use none but those of sense and reason.”

“And you may just as well cast chaff against the wind, as speak truth and reason to the like of them.”

“Well, well, be it so,” said Joshua; “and now, John Davies, I know thou art what the world calls a brave fellow, and I have ever found thee an honest one.— And now I command you to go to Mount Sharon, and let Phil lie on the bank-side — see the poor boy hath a sea-cloak though — and watch what happens here, and let him bring you the news; and if any violence shall be offered to the property there, I trust to your fidelity to carry my sister to Dumfries, to the house of our friends the Corsacks, and inform the civil authorities of what mischief hath befallen.”

The old seaman paused a moment. “It is hard lines for me,” he said, “to leave your honour in tribulation; and yet, staying here, I am only like to make bad worse; and your honour’s sister, Miss Rachel, must be looked to, that’s certain; for if the rogues once get their hand to mischief, they will come to Mount Sharon after they have wasted and destroyed this here snug little road-stead, where I thought to ride at anchor for life.”

«Right, right, John Davies,» said Joshua Geddes; «and best call the dogs with you.»

«Ay, ay, sir,» said the veteran, «for they are something of my mind, and would not keep quiet if they saw mischief doing; so maybe they might come to mischief, poor dumb creatures. So God bless your honour — I mean your worship — I cannot bring my mouth to say fare you well. — Here, Neptune, Thetis; come, dogs, come.»

So saying, and with a very crest-fallen countenance, John Davies left the hut.

«Now there goes one of the best and most faithful creatures that ever was born,» said Mr Geddes, as the superintendant shut the door of the cottage. «Nature made him with a heart that would not have suffered him to harm a fly; but thou seest, friend Latimer, that as men arm their bull-dogs with spiked collars, and their game-cocks with steel spurs, to aid them in fight, so they corrupt, by education, the best and mildest natures, until fortitude and spirit become stubbornness and ferocity. Believe me, friend Latimer, I would as soon expose my faithful household dog to a vain combat with a herd of wolves, as yon trusty creature to the violence of the enraged multitude. But I need say little on this subject to thee, friend Latimer, who, I doubt not, art trained to believe that courage is displayed and honour attained, not by doing and

suffering, as becomes a man, that which fate calls us to suffer, and justice commands us to do, but because thou art ready to retort violence for violence, and considerest the lightest insult as a sufficient cause for the spilling of blood, nay, the taking of life. — But, leaving these points of controversy to a more fit season, let us see what our basket of provision contains; for in truth, friend Latimer, I am one of those whom neither fear nor anxiety deprive of their ordinary appetite.”

We found the means of good cheer accordingly, which Mr Geddes seemed to enjoy as much as if it had been eaten in a situation of perfect safety; nay, his conversation appeared to be rather more gay than on ordinary occasions. After eating our supper we left the hut together, and walked for a few minutes on the banks of the sea. It was high water, and the ebb had not yet commenced. The moon shone broad and bright upon the placid face of the Solway Frith, and shewed a slight ripple upon the stakes, the tops of which were just visible above the waves, and on the dark-coloured buoys which marked the upper edge of the enclosure of nets. At a much greater distance, — for the estuary is here very wide, — the line of the English coast was seen on the verge of the water, resembling one of those fog-banks on which mariners are said to

gaze, uncertain whether it be land or atmospheric delusion.

“We shall be undisturbed for some hours,” said Mr Geddes; “they will not come down upon us till the state of the tide permits them to destroy the tide-nets. Is it not strange to think that human passions will so soon transform such a tranquil scene as this, into a scene of devastation and confusion?”

It was indeed a scene of exquisite stillness; so much so, that the restless waves of the Solway seemed, if not absolutely to sleep, at least to slumber; — on the shore no night-bird was heard — the cock had not sung his first matins, and we ourselves walked more lightly than by day, as if to suit the sound of our own paces to the serene tranquillity around us. At length, the plaintive cry of a dog broke the silence, and on our return to the cottage, we found that the younger of the three animals which had gone along with John Davies, unaccustomed, perhaps, to distant journeys, and the duty of following to heel, had strayed from the party, and, unable to rejoin them, had wandered back to the place of its birth.

“Another feeble addition to our feeble garrison,” said Mr Geddes, as he caressed the dog, and admitted it into the cottage. “Poor thing! as thou art incapable of doing any mischief, I

hope thou wilt sustain none. At least thou mayst do us the good service of a sentinel, and permit us to enjoy a quiet repose, under the certainty that thou wilt alarm us when the enemy is at hand."

There were two beds in the superintendant's room, upon which we threw ourselves. Mr Geddes, with his happy equanimity of temper, was asleep in the first five minutes. I lay for some time in doubtful and anxious thoughts, watching the fire and the motions of the restless dog, which, disturbed probably at the absence of John Davies, wandered from the hearth to the door and back again, then came to the bedside and licked my hands and face, and at length, experiencing no repulse to its advances, established itself at my feet, and went to sleep, an example which I soon afterwards followed.

The rage of narration, my dear Alan — for I will never relinquish the hope that what I am writing may one day reach your hands — has not forsaken me, even in my confinement, and the extensive though unimportant details into which I have been hurried, renders it necessary that I commence another sheet. Fortunately, my pigmy characters comprehend a great many words within a small space of paper.

CHAPTER IV.

DARSIE LATIMER'S JOURNAL, IN CONTINUATION.

THE morning was dawning, and Mr Geddes and I myself were still sleeping soundly, when the alarm was given by my canine bed-fellow, who first growled deeply at intervals, and at length bore more decided testimony to the approach of some enemy. I opened the door of the cottage, and perceived, at the distance of about two hundred yards, a small but close column of men, which I would have taken for a dark hedge, but that I could perceive it was advancing rapidly and in silence.

The dog flew towards them, but instantly ran howling back to me, having probably been chastised by a stick or a stone. Uncertain as to the plan of tactics or of treaty which Mr Geddes might think proper to adopt, I was about to retire into the cottage, when he suddenly joined me at the door, and slipping his arm through mine, said,

«Let us go to meet them manfully; we have done nothing to be ashamed of. — Friends,” he said, raising his voice as we approached them, «who and what are you, and with what purpose are you here on my property?”

A loud cheer was the answer returned, and a brace of fiddlers who occupied the front of the march immediately struck up the insulting air, the words of which begin,

«Merrily danced the Quaker’s wife,
And merrily danced the Quaker.”

Even at that moment of alarm, I think I recognized the tones of the blind fiddler, Will, known by the name of Wandering Willie, from his itinerant habits. They continued to advance swiftly and in great order, in their front

«The fiery fiddlers playing martial airs;”

when, coming close up to us, they surrounded us by a single movement, and there was an universal cry, «Whoop, Quaker — whoop, Quaker — here have we them both, the wet Quaker and the dry one.”

«Hang up the wet Quaker to dry, and wet the dry one with a ducking,” answered another voice.

“Where is the sea-otter, John Davies, that destroyed more fish than any sealch upon Ailsay Craig?” exclaimed a third voice. “I have an old crow to pluck with him, and a pock to put the feathers in.”

We stood perfectly passive; for, to have attempted resistance against more than a hundred men, armed with guns, fish-spears, iron-crows, spades, and bludgeons, would have been an act of utter insanity. Mr Geddes, with his strong sonorous voice, answered the question about the superintendant, in a manner, the manly indifference of which compelled them to attend to him.

“John Davies,” he said, “will, I trust, soon be at Dumfries ——”

“To fetch down red-coats and dragoons against us, you canting old villain!”

A blow was, at the same time, levelled at my friend, which I parried by interposing the stick I had in my hand. I was instantly struck down, and have a faint recollection of hearing some crying, “Kill the young spy,” and others, as I thought, interposing on my behalf. But a second blow on the head, received in the scuffle, soon deprived me of sense and consciousness, and threw me into a state of insensibility, from which I did not recover immediately. When I did come to myself, I was lying on the bed from which I had just risen before the fray, and my poor compa-

nion, the Newfoundland puppy, its courage entirely cowed by the tumult of the riot, had crept as close to me as it could, and lay trembling and whining, as if under the most dreadful terror. I doubted at first whether I had not dreamed of the tumult, until, as I attempted to rise, a feeling of pain and dizziness assured me that the injury I had sustained was but too real. I gathered together my senses — listened — and heard at a distance the shouts of the rioters, busy, doubtless, in their work of devastation. I made a second effort to rise, or at least to turn myself, for I lay with my face to the wall of the cottage, but I found that my limbs were secured, and my motions effectually prevented — not indeed by cords, but by linen or cloth swathed around my ankles, and securing my arms to my sides. Aware of my utterly captive condition, I groaned betwixt bodily pain and mental distress.

A voice by my bedside whispered, in a whining tone, "Whisht a-ye, hinnie — whisht a-ye; haud your tongue, like a gude bairn — ye have cost us dear aneugh already. My hinnie's clean gane now."

Knowing, as I thought, the phraseology of the wife of the itinerant musician, I asked her where her husband was, and whether he had been hurt.

“Broken,” answered the dame, “all broken to pieces; fit for nought but to be made spunks of — the best blood that was in Scotland.”

“Broken? — blood? — is your husband wounded? has there been bloodshed — broken limbs?”

“Broken limbs? — I wish,” answered the bel-dame, “that my hinnie had broken the best bane in his body, before he had broken his fiddle, that was the best blood in Scotland — it was a cremony, for aught that I ken.”

“Pshaw — only his fiddle?”

“I dinna ken what waur your honour could have wished him to do, unless he had broken his neck; and this is muckle the same to my hinnie Willie, and me. Chaw, indeed! It is easy to say *chaw*, but wha is to gie us onything to chew? — the breadwinner’s gane, and we may e’en sit down and starve.”

“No, no,” I said, “I will pay you for twenty such fiddles.”

“Twenty such! is that a’ ye ken about it? the country hadna the like o’t. But if your honour were to pay us, as nae douht wad be to your credit here and hereafter, where are ye to get the siller?”

“I have enough of money,” said I, attempting to reach my hand towards my side-pocket; “unloose these bandages, and I will pay you on the spot.”

This hint appeared to move her, and she was approaching the bed-side, as I hoped, to liberate me from my bonds, when a nearer and more desperate shout was heard, as if the rioters were close by the hut.

“I daurna — I daurna,” said the poor woman, “they would murder me and my hinnie Willie baith, and they have misguided us enough already; — but if there is anything worldly I could do for your honour, leave out loosening ye?”

What she said recalled me to my bodily suffering. Agitation, and the effects of the usage I had received, had produced a burning thirst. I asked for a drink of water.

“Heaven Almighty forbid that Epps Ainslie should gie ony sick gentleman cauld well water, and him in a fever. Na, na, hinny, let me alane, I’ll do better for ye than the like of that.”

“Give me what you will,” I replied; “let it but be liquid and cool.”

The woman gave me a large horn accordingly, filled with spirits and water, which, without minute inquiry concerning the nature of its contents, I drained at a draught. Either the spirits taken in such a manner, acted more suddenly than usual on my brain, or else there was some drug mixed with the beverage. I remember little after drinking it off, only that the appearance of things around me became indistinct; that

the woman's form seemed to multiply itself, and to flit in various figures around me, bearing the same lineaments as she herself did. I remember also that the discordant noises and cries of those without the cottage seemed to die away in a hum like that with which a nurse hushes her babe. At length I fell into a deep sound sleep, or rather, a state of absolute insensibility.

I have reason to think this species of trance lasted for many hours; indeed, for the whole subsequent day and part of the night. It was not uniformly so profound, for my recollection of it is chequered with many dreams, all of a painful nature, but too faint and too indistinct for recollection. At length the moment of waking came, and my sensations were horrible.

A deep sound, which, in the confusion of my senses, I identified with the cries of the rioters, was the first thing of which I was sensible; next, I became conscious that I was carried violently forward in a carriage, with an unequal motion, which gave me much pain. When I attempted to stretch my hands in order to find some mode of securing myself against this species of suffering, I found I was bound as before, and the horrible reality rushed on my mind, that I was in the hands of those who had lately committed a great outrage on property, and were now about to kidnap, if not to murder me. I opened my eyes

— it was to no purpose — all around me was dark, for a day had passed over during my captivity. A dispiriting sickness oppressed my head — my heart seemed on fire, while my feet and hands were chilled and benumbed with want of circulation. It was with the utmost difficulty that I at length, and gradually, recovered in a sufficient degree the power of observing external sounds and circumstances; and when I did so, they presented nothing consolatory.

Groping with my hands, as far as the bandages would permit, and receiving the assistance of some occasional glances of the moonlight, I became aware that the carriage in which I was transported was one of the light carts of the country, then called *tumblers*, and that a little attention had been paid to my accommodation, as I was laid upon some sacks covered with matting, and filled with straw. Without these, my condition would have been still more intolerable, for the cart, sinking now on one side, and now on the other, sometimes sticking absolutely fast, and requiring the utmost exertions of the animal which drew it to put it once more in motion, was subjected to jolts in all directions, which were very severe. At other times the cart rolled silently and smoothly over what seemed to be wet sand; and, as I heard the distant roar of the tide, I had little doubt that we were engaged in passing the

formidable estuary which divides the two kingdoms.

There seemed to be at least five or six people about the cart, some on foot, others on horseback; the former lent assistance whenever the cart was in danger of upsetting, or sticking fast in the quicksand; the others rode before and acted as guides, often changing the direction of the vehicle as the precarious state of the passage required.

I addressed myself to the men around the cart, and endeavoured to move their compassion. I had harmed, I said, no one, and for no action in my life had deserved such cruel treatment. I had no concern whatever in the fishing station which had incurred their displeasure, and my acquaintance with Mr Geddes was of a very late date. Lastly, and as my strongest argument, I endeavoured to excite their fears, by informing them that my rank in life would not permit me to be either murdered or secreted with impunity; and to interest their avarice, by the promises I made them of reward, if they would effect my deliverance. I only received a scornful laugh in reply to my threats; my promises might have done more, for the fellows were whispering together as if in hesitation, and I began to reiterate and increase my offers, when the voice of one of the horsemen, who had suddenly come up, en-

joined silence to the men on foot, and, approaching the side of the cart, said to me, with a strong and determined voice, "Young man, there is no personal harm designed to you. If you remain silent and quiet, you may reckon on good treatment; but if you endeavour to tamper with these men in the execution of their duty, I will take such measures for silencing you, as you shall remember the longest day you have to live."

I thought I knew the voice which uttered these threats; but, in such a situation, my perceptions could not be supposed to be perfectly accurate. I was contented to reply, "Whoever you are that speak to me, I entreat the benefit of the meanest prisoner, who is not to be subjected legally to greater hardship than is necessary for the restraint of his person. I entreat that these bonds, which hurt me so cruelly, may be slackened at least, if not removed altogether."

"I will slacken the belts," answered the former speaker; "nay, I will altogether remove them, and allow you to pursue your journey in a more convenient manner, providing you will give me your word of honour that you will not attempt an escape."

"*Never!*" I answered, with an energy of which despair alone could have rendered me capable — "I will *never* submit to loss of freedom

a moment longer than I am subjected to it by force."

"Enough," he replied; "the sentiment is natural; but do not on your side complain that I, who am carrying on an important undertaking, use the only means in my power for ensuring its success."

I entreated to know what it was designed to do with me; but my conductor, in a voice of menacing authority, desired me to be silent on my peril; and my strength and spirits were too much exhausted to permit my continuing a dialogue so singular, even if I could have promised myself any good result by doing so.

It is proper here to add, that, from my recollections at the time, and from what has since taken place, I have the strongest possible belief that the man with whom I held this expostulation, was the singular person residing at Brokenburn, in Dumfries-shire, and called by the fishers of that hamlet, the Laird of the Solway Lochs. The cause for his inveterate persecution I cannot pretend even to guess at.

In the meantime, the cart was dragged heavily and wearily on, until the nearer roar of the advancing tide excited the apprehension of another danger. I could not mistake the sound, which I had heard upon another occasion, when it was only the speed of a fleet horse which saved me

from perishing in the quicksands. Thou, my dear Alan, canst not but remember the former circumstances; and now, wonderful contrast! the very man, to the best of my belief, who then saved me from peril, was the leader of the lawless band who had deprived me of my liberty. I conjectured that the danger grew imminent; for I heard some words and circumstances which made me aware that a rider hastily fastened his own horse to the shafts of the cart, in order to assist the exhausted animal which drew it, and the vehicle was now pulled forward at a faster pace, which the horses were urged to maintain by blows and curses. The men, however, were inhabitants of the neighbourhood; and I had strong personal reason to believe, that one of them, at least, was perfectly acquainted with all the depths and shallows of the perilous paths in which we were engaged. But they were in personal danger themselves; and if so, as, from the whispering and exertions to push on with the cart, was much to be apprehended, there was little doubt that I would be left behind as an useless incumbrance, and that while I was in a condition which rendered every chance of escape impracticable. These were awful apprehensions; but it pleased Providence to increase them to a point which my brain was scarcely able to endure.

As we approached very near to a black line, which, dimly visible as it was, I could make out to be the shore, we heard two or three sounds, which appeared to be the report of fire arms. Immediately all was bustle among our party to get forward. Presently a fellow galloped up to us, crying out, "Ware hawk! ware hawk! the land sharks are out from Burgh, and Allonby Tom will lose his cargo if you do not bear a hand."

Most of my company seemed to make hastily for the shore on receiving this intelligence. A driver was left with the cart; but at length, when, after repeated and hair-breadth escapes, it actually stuck fast in a slough or quicksand, the fellow, with an oath, cut the harness, and, as I presume, departed with the horses, whose feet I heard splashing over the wet sand, and through the shallows, as he galloped off.

The dropping sound of fire arms was still continued, but lost almost entirely in the thunder of the advancing surge. By a desperate effort I raised myself in the cart, and attained a sitting posture, which served only to shew me the extent of my danger. There lay my native land — my own England — the land where I was born, and to which my wishes, since my earliest age, had turned with all the prejudices of national feeling — there it lay, within a furlong of the place

where I yet was ; that furlong , which an infant would have raced over in a minute — was yet a barrier effectual to divide me for ever from England and from life. I soon not only heard the roar of this dreadful torrent, but saw, by the fitful moonlight, the foamy crests of the devouring waves, as they advanced with the speed and fury of a pack of hungry wolves.

The consciousness that the slightest ray of hope, or power of struggling, was not left me, quite overcame the constancy which I had hitherto maintained. My eyes began to swim — my head grew giddy and mad with fear — I chattered and howled to the howling and roaring sea. One or two great waves already reached the cart, when the conductor of the party whom I have mentioned so often, was, as if by magic, at my side. He sprang from his horse into the cart, cut the ligatures which restrained me, and bade me get up and mount in the fiend's name.

Seeing I was incapable of obeying, he seized me, as if I had been a child of six months old, threw me across the horse, sprung on behind, supporting me with one hand, while he directed the horse with the other. In my helpless and painful posture, I was unconscious of the degree of danger which we incurred ; but I believe at one time the horse was swimming, or nearly so ; and that it was with difficulty that my stern and

powerful assistant kept my head above water. I remember particularly the shock which I felt when the animal, endeavouring to gain the bank, reared, and very nearly fell back on his burthen. The time during which I continued in this dreadful condition did not probably exceed two or three minutes, yet so strongly were they marked with horror and agony, that they seem to my recollection a much more considerable space of time.

When I had been thus snatched from destruction, I had only power to say to my protector, — or oppressor, — for he merited either name at my hand, “You do not, then, design to murder me?”

He laughed as he replied, but it was a sort of laughter which I scarce desire to hear again. “Else you think I had let the waves do the work? But remember, the shepherd saves his sheep from the torrent — is it to preserve its life? — Be silent, however, with questions or entreaties. What I mean to do, thou canst no more discover or prevent, than a man, with his bare palm, can scoop dry the Solway.”

I was too much exhausted to continue the argument; and still numbed and torpid in all my limbs, permitted myself without reluctance to be placed on a horse brought for the purpose. My formidable conductor rode on the one side, and

another person on the other, keeping me upright in the saddle. In this manner we travelled forward at a considerable rate, and by by-roads, with which my attendant seemed as familiar as with the perilous passages of the Solway.

At length, after stumbling through a labyrinth of dark and deep lanes, and crossing more than one rough and barren heath, we found ourselves on the edge of a high road, where a chaise and four awaited, as it seemed, our arrival. To my great relief we now changed our mode of conveyance; for my dizziness and headache had returned in so strong a degree, that I should otherwise have been totally unable to keep my seat on horseback, even with the support which I received.

My doubted and dangerous companion signed to me to enter the carriage — the man who had ridden on the left side of my horse stepped in after me, and drawing up the blinds of the vehicle, gave the signal for instant departure.

I had obtained a glimpse of the countenance of my new companion, as by the aid of a dark lantern the drivers opened the carriage door, and I was well nigh persuaded that I recognized in him the domestic of the leader of this party whom I had seen at his house in Brokenburn on a former occasion. To ascertain the truth of my suspicion, I asked him whether his name was not Cristal Nixon.

“What is other folk’s names to you,” he replied, gruffly, “who cannot tell your own father and mother?”

“You know them, perhaps?” I exclaimed eagerly. “You know them! and with that secret is connected the treatment which I am now receiving. It must be so, for in my life have I never injured any one. Tell me the cause of my misfortunes, or rather, help me to my liberty, and I will reward you richly.”

“Ay, ay,” replied my keeper; “but what use to give you liberty, who know nothing how to use it like a gentleman, but spend your time with Quakers and fiddlers, and such like raff? If I was your — hem, hem, hem.”

Here Cristal stopped short, just on the point, as it appeared, when some information was likely to escape him. I urged him once more to be my friend, and promised him all the stock of money which I had about me, and it was not inconsiderable, if he would assist in my escape.

He listened, as if to a proposition which had some interest, and replied, but in a voice rather softer than before, “Ay, but men do not catch old birds with chaff, my master. Where have you got the rhino you are so flush of?”

“I will give you earnest directly, and that in bank-notes,” said I; but thrusting my hand into my side-pocket, I found my pocket-book was

gone. I would have persuaded myself that it was only the numbness of my hands which prevented my finding it; but Cristal Nixon, who bears in his countenance that cynicism which is especially entertained with human misery, no longer suppressed his laughter.

“Oh, ho! my young master,” he said; “we have taken good enough care you have not kept the means of bribing poor folk’s fidelity. What, man, they have souls as well as other people, and to make them break trust is a deadly sin. And as for me, young gentlemen, if you would fill Saint Mary’s Kirk with gold, Cristal Nixon would mind them no more than so many chucky-stones.”

I would have persisted, were it but in hopes of his letting drop that which it concerned me to know, but he cut off further communication, by desiring me to lean back in the corner and go to sleep.

“Thou art cock-brained enough already,” he added, “and we shall have thy young pate addled entirely, if you do not take some natural rest.”

I did indeed require repose, if not slumber; the draught which I had taken continued to operate, and satisfied in my own mind that no attempt on my life was designed, the fear of instant death no longer combated the torpor which

crept over me — I slept, and slept soundly, but still without refreshment.

When I awoke, I found myself extremely indisposed; images of the past, and anticipations of the future, floated confusedly through my brain. I perceived, however, that my situation was changed, greatly for the better. I was in a good bed, with the curtains drawn round it; I heard the lowered voice, and cautious step of attendants, who seemed to respect my repose; it seemed as if I was in the hands either of friends, or of such as meant me no personal harm.

I can give but an indistinct account of two or three broken and feverish days which succeeded, but if they were chequered with dreams and visions of terror, other and more agreeable objects were also sometimes presented. Alan Fairford will understand me when I say, I am convinced I saw G. M. during this interval of oblivion. I had medical attendance, and was bled more than once. I also remember a painful operation performed on my head, where I had received a severe blow on the night of the riot. My hair was cut short, and the bone of the skull examined, to discover if the cranium had received any injury.

On seeing the physician, it would have been natural to have appealed to him on the subject of my confinement, and I remember more than once attempting to do so. But the fever lay like

a spell upon my tongue, and when I would have implored the doctor's assistance, I rambled from the subject, and spoke I know not what — nonsense. Some power, which I was unable to resist, seemed to impel me into a different course of conversation from what I intended, and though conscious, in some degree, of the failure, I could not mend it; and resolved, therefore, to be patient, until my capacity of steady thought and expression was restored to me with my ordinary health, which had sustained a severe shock from the vicissitudes to which I had been exposed.

CHAPTER. V.

DARSIE LATIMER'S JOURNAL, IN CONTINUATION.

Two or three days, perhaps more, perhaps less, had been spent in bed, where I was carefully attended, and treated, I believe, with as much judgment as the case required, and I was at length allowed to quit my bed, though not the chamber. I was now more able to make some observation on the place of my confinement.

The room, in appearance and furniture, resembled the best apartment in a farmer's house; and the window, two stories high, looked into a back-yard, or court, filled with domestic poultry. There were the usual domestic offices about this yard. I could distinguish the brew-house and the barn, and I heard, from a more remote building, the lowing of the cattle, and other rural sounds, announcing a large and well-stocked farm. These were sights and sounds qualified to dispel any apprehension of imme-

diate violence. Yet the building seemed ancient and strong, a part of the roof was battlemented, and the walls were of great thickness; lastly, I observed, with some unpleasant sensations, that the windows of my apartment had been lately secured with iron stanchions, and that the servants who brought me victuals, or visited my apartment to render other menial offices, always locked the door when they retired.

The comfort and cleanliness of my chamber were of true English growth, and such as I had never seen on the other side of the Tweed; the very old wainscot, which composed the floor and the pannelling of the room, was scrubbed with a degree of labour which the Scotch housewife hardly bestows on her most costly furniture.

The whole apartment appropriated to my use consisted of the bed-room, a small parlour adjacent, within which was a still smaller closet, having a narrow window, which seemed anciently to have been used as a shot-hole, admitting, indeed, a very moderate portion of light and air, but without its being possible to see anything from it except the blue sky, and that only by mounting on a chair. There were appearances of a separate entrance into this cabinet, besides that which communicated with the parlour, but it had been recently built up, as I dis-

covered, by removing a piece of tapestry which covered the fresh mason-work. I found some of my clothes here, with linen and other articles, as well as my writing-box, containing pen, ink, and paper, which enables me, at my leisure, (which, God knows, is undisturbed enough,) to make this record of my confinement. It may be well believed, however, that I do not trust to the security of the bureau, but carry the written sheets about my person, so that I can only be deprived of them by actual violence. I also am cautious to write in the little cabinet only, so that I can hear any person approach me through the other apartments, and have time enough to put aside my journal before they come upon me.

The servants, a stout country-fellow, and a very pretty milkmaid-looking lass, by whom I am attended, seem of the true Joan and Hodge school, thinking of little, and desiring nothing beyond the very limited sphere of their own duties or enjoyments, and having no curiosity whatever about the affairs of others. Their behaviour to me in particular, is, at the same time, very kind and very provoking. My table is abundantly supplied, and they seem anxious to comply with my taste in that department. But whenever I make inquiries beyond «what's for dinner,» the brute of a lad baffles me by his *anan*, and his

Alunna knaw, and if hard pressed, turns his back on me composedly and leaves the room. The girl, too, pretends to be as simple as he; but an arch grin, which she cannot always suppress, seems to acknowledge that she understands perfectly well the game which she is playing, and is determined to keep me in ignorance. Both of them, and the wench in particular, treat me as they would do a spoiled child, and never directly refuse me anything which I ask, taking care, at the same time, not to make their words good by effectually granting my request. Thus, if I desire to go out, I am promised by Dorcas that I shall walk in the park at night and see the cows milked, just as she would propose such an amusement to a child. But she takes care never to keep her word, if it is in her power to do so.

In the meantime, there has stolen on me insensibly an indifference to my freedom — a carelessness about my situation, for which I am unable to account, unless it be the consequence of weakness and loss of blood. I have read of men who, immured as I am, have surprised the world by the address with which they have successfully overcome the most formidable obstacles to their escape; and when I have heard such anecdotes, I have said to myself, that no one who is pos-

possessed only of a fragment of freestone, or a rusty nail, to grind down rivets and to pick locks, having his full leisure to employ in the task, need continue the inhabitant of a prison. Yet here I sit, day after day, without a single effort to effect my liberation.

Yet my inactivity is not the result of despondency, but arises, in part at least, from feelings of a very different cast. My story, long a mysterious one, seems now upon the verge of some strange developement; and I feel a solemn impression that I ought to wait the course of events, to struggle against which is opposing my feeble efforts against the will of fate. Thou, my Alan, wilt treat as timidity this passive acquiescence, which has sunk down on me like a benumbing torpor; but if thou hast remembered by what visions my couch was haunted, and dost but think of the probability that I am in the vicinity, perhaps under the same roof with G. M., thou wilt acknowledge that other feelings than pusillanimity have tended in some degree to reconcile me to my fate.

Still I own it is unmanly to submit with patience to this oppressive confinement. My heart rises against it, especially when I sit down to record my sufferings in this Journal; and I am de-

terminated, as the first step to my deliverance, to have my letters sent to the post-house.

I am disappointed. When the girl Dorcas, upon whom I had fixed for a messenger, heard me talk of sending a letter, she willingly offered her services, and received the crown which I gave her, (for my purse had not taken flight with the more valuable contents of my pocket-book,) with a smile which shewed her whole set of white teeth.

But when, with the purpose of gaining some intelligence respecting my present place of abode, I asked, to which post-town she was to send or carry the letter, a stolid "*Anan*" shewed me she was either ignorant of the nature of a post-office, or that, for the present, she chose to seem so.— "*Simpleton!*" I said, with some sharpness.

"O Lord, sir!" answered the girl, turning pale, which they always do when I shew any sparks of anger,—"Don't put yourself in a passion—I'll put the letter in the post."

"What! and not know the name of the post-town?" said I, out of patience. "How on earth do you propose to manage that?"

“La you there, good master. What need you frighten a poor girl that is no schollard, bating what she learned to the Charity-School of Saint Bees?”

“Is Saint Bees far from this place, Dorcas?— Do you send your letters there?” said I, in a manner as insinuating, and yet careless, as I could assume.

“Saint Bees! — La, who but a madman — begging your honour’s pardon — it’s a matter of twenty years since fader lived at Saint Bees, which is twenty, or forty, or I dunna know not how many miles from this part, to the East, — in Northumberland; and I would not have left Saint Bees, but that fader —”

“Oh, the devil take your father!” replied I.

To which she answered, “Nay, but thof your honour be a little how-came-so, you shouldn’t damn folk’s faders; and I won’t stand to it, for one.”

“Oh, I beg you a thousand pardons — I wish your father no ill in the world — he was a very honest man in his way.”

“*Was* an honest man!” she exclaimed; for the Cumbrians are, it would seem, like their neighbours the Scotch, ticklish on the point of

ancestry, — “He is a very honest man as ever led nag with halter on head, to Staneshaw-Bank Fair — Honest! — He is a horse-couper.”

“Right, right,” I replied; “I know it — I have heard of your father — as honest as any horse-couper of them all. Why, Dorcas, I mean to buy a horse of him.”

“Ah, your honour,” sighed Dorcas, “he is the man to serve your honour well — if ever you should get round again — or thof you were a bit off the hooks. He would no more cheat you than ——”

“Well, well, we will deal, my girl, you may depend on’t. But tell me now, were I to give you a letter, what would you do to get it forward?”

“Why, put it into Squire’s own bag that hangs in hall. What else could I do? He sends it to Brampton, or to Carloisle, or where it pleases him, once a-week, and that gate.”

“Ah!” said I; “and I suppose your sweetheart John carries it?”

“Noa — disn’t now — and Jan is no sweetheart of mine, ever since he danced at his mother’s feast with Kitty Rutlege, and let me sit still; that a did.”

“It was most abominable in Jan, and what I could never have thought of him,” I replied.

“O, but a did though — a let me sit still on my seat, a did.”

“Well, well, my pretty May, you will get a handsomer fellow than Jan — Jan’s not the fellow for you, I see that.”

“Noa, noa,” answered the damsel; “but he is weel aneugh for a’ that, mon. But I carena a button for him; for there is the miller’s son, that suitored me last Appleby Fair, when I went wi’ oncle, is a gway canny lad, as you will see in the sunshine.”

“Ay, a fine stout fellow — Do you think he would carry my letter to Carlisle?”

“To Carloisle! ’Twould be all his life is worth; he maun wait on clap and hopper, as they say. Odd, his father would brain him if he went to Carloisle, bating to wrestling for the belt, or sic loike. But I ha’ more bachelors than him; there is the schoolmaster, can write almaist as weel as tou canst, mon.”

“Then he is the very man to take charge of a letter; he knows the trouble of writing one.”

Ay, marry does he, an tou comest to that, mon; only it takes him four hours to write as

mony lines. Tan, it is a great round hand loike that, one can read easily, and not loike your honour's, that are like midge's taes. But for gang-ing to Carloisle, he's dead foundered, man, as cripple as Eckie's mear."

"In the name of God," said I, "how is it that you propose to get my letter to the post?"

"Why, just to put it into Squire's bag loike; he sends it by Cristal Nixon to post, as you call it, when such is his pleasure."

Here I was then, not much edified by having obtained a list of Dorcas's bachelors; and with respect to any information which I desired, just exactly at the point where I set out. It was of consequence to me, however, to accustom the girl to converse with me familiarly. If she did so, she could not always be on her guard, and something, I thought, might drop from her which I could turn to advantage.

"Does not the Squire usually look into his letter-bag, Dorcas?" said I, with as much indifference as I could assume.

"That a does," said Dorcas; "and a threw out a letter of mine to Raff Miller, because a said — —"

"Well, well, I won't trouble him with mine,"

said I, «Dorcas; but, instead, I will write to himself, Dorcas. But how shall I address him?»

«Anan,» was again Dorcas's resource.

«I mean how is he called? — What is his name?»

«Sure your honour should know best,» said Dorcas.

«I know? — The devil! — You drive me beyond patience.»

«Noa, noa; donna your honour go beyond patience — donna ye now. And for his neame, they say he has mair nor ane in Westmoreland and on the Scotch side. But he is but seldom wi' us, excepting in the cocking season; and then we just call him Squire loike; and so do my meas-ter and dame.»

«And is he here at present?» said I.

«Not he, not he; he is a buck-hoonting, as they tell me, somewhere up the Patterdale way; but he comes and gangs loike a flap of a whirlwind, or sic loike.»

I broke off the conversation, after forcing on Dorcas a little silver to buy ribbons, with which she was so much delighted, that she exclaimed, «God! Cristal Nixon may say his worst on thee;

but thou art a civil gentleman for all him; and a quoiert man wi' woman folk loike."

There is no sense in being too quiet with women folk, so I added a kiss with my crown piece; and I cannot help thinking, that I have secured a partizan in Dorcas. At least she blushed, and pocketed her little compliment with one hand, while, with the other, she adjusted her cherry-coloured ribbons, a little disordered by the struggle it cost me to attain the honour of a salute.

As she unlocked the door to leave the apartment, she turned back, and looking on me with a strong expression of compassion, added the remarkable words, "La—be'st mad or no, thouse a mettled lad, after all."

There was something very ominous in the sound of these farewell words, which seemed to afford me a clew to the pretext under which I was detained in confinement. My demeanour was probably insane enough, while I was agitated at once by the frenzy incident to the fever, and the anxiety incidental to my extraordinary situation. But is it possible they can now establish any cause for confining me, arising out of the state of my mind?

If this be really the pretext under which I am restrained from my liberty, nothing but the se-

date correctness of my conduct can remove the prejudices which these circumstances may have excited in the minds of all who have approached me during my illness. I have heard — dreadful thought! — of men who, for various reasons, have been trepanned into the custody of the keepers of private mad-houses, and whose brain, after years of misery, became at length unsettled, through irresistible sympathy with the wretched beings among whom they were classed. This shall not be my case, if, by strong internal resolution, it is in human nature to avoid the action of exterior and contagious sympathies.

Meantime I sat down to compose and arrange my thoughts, for my purposed appeal to my jailor — so I must call him — whom I addressed in the following manner; having at length, and after making several copies, found language to qualify the sense of resentment which burned in the first draughts of my letter, and endeavoured to assume a tone more conciliating. I mentioned the two occasions on which he had certainly saved my life, when at the utmost peril; and I added, that whatever was the purpose of the restraint now practised on me, as I was given to understand, by his authority, it could not certainly be with any view to ultimately injuring me. He might, I said, have mistaken me for some other person;

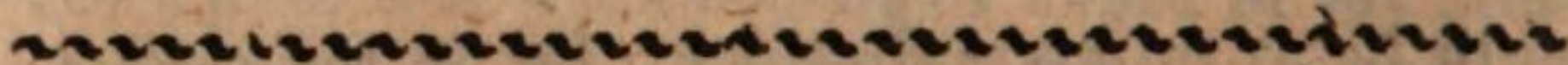
and I gave him what account I could of my situation and education, to correct such an error. I supposed it next possible, that he might suppose me too weak for travelling, and not capable of taking care of myself; and I begged to assure him, that I was restored to perfect health, and quite able to endure the fatigue of a journey. Lastly, I reminded him, in firm though measured terms, that the restraint which I sustained was an illegal one, and highly punishable by the laws which protect the liberties of the subject. I ended by demanding, that he would take me before a magistrate; or, at least, that he would favour me with a personal interview, and explain his meaning with respect to me.

Perhaps this letter was expressed in a tone too humble for the situation of an injured man, and I am inclined to think so when I again recapitulate its tenor. But what could I do? I was in the power of one whose passions seem as violent as his means of gratifying them appear unbounded. I had reason, too, to believe [this to thee, Alan] that all his family did not approve of the violence of his conduct towards me; my object, in fine, was freedom, and who would not sacrifice much to attain it?

I had no means of addressing my letter excepting, "For the Squire's own hand." He

could be at no great distance, for in the course of twenty-four hours I received an answer. It was addressed to Darsie Latimer, and contained these words: — "You have demanded an interview with me. You have required to be carried before a magistrate. Your first wish shall be granted — perhaps the second also. Meanwhile, be assured that you are a prisoner for the time, by sufficient authority, and that such authority is supported by sufficient power. Beware, therefore, of struggling with a force sufficient to crush you, but abandon yourself to that train of events by which we are both swept along, and which it is impossible that either of us can resist."

These mysterious words were without signature of any kind, and left me nothing more important to do than to prepare myself for the meeting which they promised. For that purpose I must now break off, and make sure of the manuscript, — so far as I can, in my present condition, be sure of anything, — by concealing it within the lining of my coat, so as not to be found without strict search.



CHAPTER VI.

DARSIE LATIMER'S JOURNAL, IN CONTINUATION.

THE important interview expected at the conclusion of my last took place sooner than I expected; for the very day I received the letter, and just when my little dinner was finished, the Squire, or whatever he is called, entered the room so suddenly, that I almost thought I beheld an apparition. The figure of this man is peculiarly noble and stately, and his voice has that deep fulness of accent which implies unresisted authority. I had risen involuntarily as he entered; we gazed on each other for a moment in silence, which was at length broken by my visitor.

"You have desired to see me," he said. "I am here; if you have aught to say, let me hear it; my time is too brief to be consumed in childish dumb show."

“I would ask of you,” said I, “by what authority I am detained in this place of confinement, and for what purpose?”

“I have told you already,” said he, “that my authority is sufficient, and my power equal to it; this is all which it is necessary for you at present to know.”

“Every British subject has a right to know why he suffers restraint,” I replied; “nor can he be deprived of liberty without a legal warrant — Shew me that by which you confine me thus.”

“You shall see more,” he said; “you shall see the magistrate by whom it is granted, and that without a moment’s delay.”

This sudden proposal fluttered and alarmed me; I felt, nevertheless, that I had the right cause, and resolved to plead it boldly, although I could well have desired a little further time for preparation. He turned, however, threw open the door of the apartment, and commanded me to follow him. I felt some inclination, when I crossed the threshold of my prison-chamber, to have turned and run for it, but I knew not where to find the stairs — had reason to think the outdoors would be secured — and, to conclude, so soon as I had stepped out of the room to follow the proud step of my conductor, I observed that

I was dogged by Cristal Nixon, who suddenly appeared within two paces of me, and with whose great personal strength, independent of the assistance he might have received from his master, I saw no chance of contending. I therefore followed, unresistingly, and in silence, along one or two passages of much greater length than consisted with the ideas I had previously entertained of the size of the house. At length a door was flung open, and we entered a large, old-fashioned parlour, having coloured glass in the windows, oaken pannelling on the wall, a huge grate decked with holly and rosemary under a large arched chimney-piece of stone, which bore some armorial achievements, whilst the walls were adorned with the usual number of heroes in armour, with large wigs instead of helmets, and ladies in sacques, smelling to nosegays.

Behind a large table, on which were several books, sat a smart underbred-looking man, wearing his own hair tied in a club, and who, from the quire of paper laid before him, and the pen, which he handled at my entrance, seemed prepared to officiate as clerk. As I wish to describe these persons as accurately as possible, I may add, he wore a dark-coloured coat, corduroy breeches, and spatterdashes. At the upper end of the same table, in an ample easy-chair, covered

with black leather, reposed a fat personage, about fifty years old, who either was actually a country justice, or was well selected to represent such a character. His leathern breeches were faultless in make, his jockey boots spotless in the varnish, and a handsome and flourishing pair of boot-garters, as they are called, united the one part of his garments to the other; in fine, a richly-laced scarlet waistcoat, and a purple coat, set off the neat though corpulent figure of the little man, and threw an additional bloom upon his plethoric aspect. I suppose he had dined, for it was two hours past noon, and he was amusing himself, and aiding digestion, with a pipe of tobacco. There was an air of importance in his manner which corresponded to the rural dignity of his exterior, and a habit which he had of throwing out a number of interjectional sounds, uttered with strange variety of intonation, running from bass up to treble in a very extraordinary manner, or breaking his sentences with a whiff of his pipe, seemed adopted to give an air of thought and mature deliberation to his opinions and decisions. Notwithstanding all this, Alan, it might be *dooted*, as our old Professor used to say, whether the Justice was anything more than an ass. Certainly, besides a great deference for the legal opinion of his clerk, which might be quite according to the order of things,

he seemed to be wonderfully under the command of his brother Squire, if squire either of them was, and indeed much more than was consistent with so much assumed consequence.

«Ho — ha — ay — so — so — Hum — humph — this is the young man, I suppose — Hum — ay — seems sickly — Young gentleman, you may sit down.»

I used the permission given, for I had been much more reduced by my illness than I was aware of, and felt myself really fatigued, even by the few paces I had walked, joined to the agitation I suffered.

«And your name, young man, is — humph — ay — ha — what is it?»

«Darsie Latimer.»

«Right — ay — humph — very right. Darsie Latimer is the very thing — ha — ay — where do you come from?»

«From Scotland, sir,» I replied.

«A native of Scotland — a — humph — eh — how is it?»

«I am an Englishman by birth, sir.»

«Right — ay — yes, you are so. But pray,

Mr Darsie Latimer, have you always been called by that name, or have you any other? — Nick, write down his answers, Nick."

"As far as I remember, I never bore any other," was my answer.

"How, no? — well, I should not have thought so — Hey, neighbour, would you?"

Here he looked towards the other Squire, who had thrown himself carelessly into a chair; and, with his legs stretched out before him, and his arms folded on his bosom, seemed carelessly attending to what was going forward. He answered the appeal of the Justice by saying, that perhaps the young man's memory did not go back to a very early period.

"Ah — eh — ha — you hear the gentleman — Pray, how far may your memory be pleased to run back to? — umph."

"Perhaps, sir, to the age of three years, or a little farther."

"And will you presume to say, sir," said the Squire, drawing himself suddenly erect in his seat, and exerting the strength of his powerful voice, "that you *then* bore your present name?"

I was startled at the confidence with which this question was put, and in vain rummaged my memory for the means of replying. "At least," I said, "I always remember being called Darsie; children, at that early age, seldom get more than their Christian name."

"O, I thought so," he replied, and again stretched himself on his seat, in the same lounging posture as before.

"So you were called Darsie in your infancy," said the Justice; "and — hum — ay — when did you first take the name of Latimer?"

"I did not take it, sir; it was given to me."

"I ask you," said the lord of the mansion, but with less severity in his voice than formerly, "whether you can remember that you were ever called Latimer, until you had that name given you in Scotland?"

"I will be candid; I cannot recollect an instance that I was so called when in England, but neither can I recollect when the name was first given me; and if anything is to be founded on these queries and my answers, I desire my early childhood may be taken into consideration."

"Hum — ay — yes," said the Justice; "all

that requires consideration shall be duly considered. Young man — eh — I beg to know the name of your father and mother? ”

This was galling a wound that has festered for years, and I did not endure the question so patiently as those which preceded it; but replied, “I demand, in my turn, to know if I am before an English Justice of the Peace? ”

“His worship Squire Foxley, of Foxley Hall, has been of the quorum these twenty years,” said Master Nicholas.

“Then he ought to know, or you, sir, as his clerk, should inform him,” said I, “that I am the complainer in this case, and that my complaint ought to be heard before I am subjected to cross-examination.”

“Humph — hoy — what, ay — there is something in that, neighbour,” said the poor Justice, who, blown about by every wind of doctrine, seemed desirous to attain the sanction of his brother Squire.

“I wonder at you, Foxley,” said his firm-minded acquaintance; “how can you render the young man justice unless you know who he is?”

“Ha — yes — egad that’s true,” said Mr Justice Foxley; “and now — looking into the matter

more closely — there is, eh, upon the whole — nothing at all in what he says — so, sir, you must tell your father's name, and surname."

"It is out of my power, sir; they are not known to me, since you must needs know so much of my private affairs."

The Justice collected a great *afflatus* in his cheeks, which puffed them up like those of a Dutch cherubim, while his eyes seemed flying out of his head, from the effort with which he retained his breath. He then blew it forth with, — "Whew! — Hoom — poof — ha! — not know your parents, youngster? — Then I must commit you for a vagrant, I warrant you. *Omne ignotum pro terribili*, as we used to say at Appleby school; that is, every one that is not known to the Justice, is a rogue and a vagabond. Ha! — ay, you may sneer, sir; but I question if you would have known the meaning of that Latin, unless I had told you."

I acknowledged myself obliged for a new edition of the adage, and an interpretation which I could never have reached alone and unassisted. I then proceeded to state my case with greater confidence. The justice was an ass, that was clear; but it was scarcely possible he could be so utterly ignorant as not to know what was neces-

sary in so plain a case as mine. I therefore informed him of the riot which had been committed on the Scottish side of the solway Frith; explained how I came to be placed in my present situation; and requested of his worship to set me at liberty. I pleaded my cause with as much earnestness as I could, casting an eye from time to time upon the opposite party, who seemed entirely indifferent to all the animation with which I accused him.

As for the Justice, when at length I had ceased, as really not knowing what more to say in a case so very plain, he replied, «Ho — ay — ay — yes — wonderful! and so this is all the gratitude you shew to this good gentleman for the great charge and trouble he hath had with respect to and concerning of you? »

«He saved my life, sir, I acknowledge, on one occasion certainly, and most probably on two; but his having done so gives him no right over my person. I am not, however, asking for any punishment or revenge; on the contrary, I am content to part friends with the gentleman, whose motives I am unwilling to suppose are bad, though his actions have been, towards me, unauthorized and violent.»

This moderation, Alan, thou wilt comprehend, was not entirely dictated by my feelings towards

the individual of whom I complained; there were other reasons, in which regard for him had little share. It seemed, however, as if the mildness with which I pleaded my cause had more effect upon him than anything I had yet said. He was moved to the point of being almost out of countenance; and took snuff repeatedly, as if to gain time to stifle some degree of emotion.

But on Justice Foxley, on whom my eloquence was particularly designed to make impression, the result was much less favourable. He consulted in a whisper with Mr Nicholas his clerk — pshawed, hemmed, and elevated his eyebrows, as if in scorn of my supplication. At length, having apparently made up his mind, he leaned back in his chair, and smoked his pipe with great energy, with a look of defiance, designed to make me aware that all my reasoning was lost on him.

At length, when I stopped, more from lack of breath than want of argument, he opened his oracular jaws, and made the following reply, interrupted by his usual interjectional ejaculations, and by long volumes of smoke: — «Hem — ay — ch — poof — And, youngster, do you think Matthew Foxley, who has been one of the quorum for these thirty years, is to be come over with such trash as would hardly cheat an apple-wo-

man? — Poof — poof — eh! — Why, man — eh — doest thou not know the charge is not aailable matter — and that — hum — ay — the greatest man — poof — the Baron of Graystock himself, must stand committed? and yet you pretend to have been kidnapped by this gentleman, and robbed of property, and what not; and — eh — poof — you would persuade me all you want is to get away from him — I do believe — eh — that it is all you want. Therefore, as you are a sort of a slip-string gentleman, and — ay — hum — a kind of idle apprentice, and something cock-brained withal, as the honest folks of the house tell me — why, you must e'en remain under custody of your guardian, till your coming of age, or my Lord Chancellor's warrant, shall give you the management of your own affairs, which, if you can gather your brains again, you will even then not be — ay — hem — poof — in particular haste to assume."

The time occupied by his worship's hums, and haws, and puffs of tobacco smoke, together with the slow and pompous manner in which he spoke, gave me a minute's space to collect my ideas, dispersed as they were by the extraordinary purport of this annunciation.

"I cannot conceive, sir," I replied, "by what singular tenure this person claims my obedience as a guardian; it is a bare-faced imposture — I

never in my life saw him, until I came unhappily to this country, about four weeks since."

"Ay, sir — we — eh — know, and are aware — that — poof — you do not like to hear some folks' names; and that — eh — you understand me — there are things, and sounds, and matters, conversation about names, and such like, which put you off the hooks — which I have no humour to witness. Nevertheless, Mr Darsie — or — poof — Mr Darsie Latimer — or — poof, poof — eh — ay, Mr Darsie without the Latimer — you have acknowledged as much to-day as assures me you will best be disposed of under the honourable care of my friend here — all your confessions — besides that — poof — eh — I know him to be a most responsible person — a — hay — ay — most responsible and honourable person — Can you deny this?"

"I know nothing of him," I repeated; "not even his name; and I have not, as I told you, seen him in the course of my whole life, till a few weeks since."

"Will you swear to that?" said the singular man, who seemed to await the result of this debate, secure as a rattle-snake is of the prey which has once felt its fascination. And while he said these words in deep under-tone, he withdrew his chair

a little behind that of the Justice, so as to be unseen by him or his clerk, who sat upon the same side; while he bent on me a frown so portentous, that no one who has witnessed the look can forget it during the whole of his life. The furrows of the brow above the eyes became livid and almost black, and were bent into a semi-circular, or rather elliptical form, above the junction of the eye-brows. I had heard such a look described in an old tale of *diablerie*, which it was my chance to be entertained with not long since; when this deep and gloomy contortion of the frontal muscles was not unaptly described, as forming the representation of a small horse-shoe.

The tale, when told, awakened a dreadful vision of infancy, which the withering and blighting look now fixed on me again forced on my recollection, but with much more vivacity. Indeed I was so much surprised, and, I must add, terrified, at the vague ideas which were awakened in my mind by this fearful sign, that I kept my eyes fixed on the face in which it was exhibited, as on a frightful vision; until, passing his handkerchief a moment across his countenance, this mysterious man relaxed at once the look which had for me something so appalling. "The young man will no longer deny that he has seen me before," said

he to the Justice, in a tone of complacency; "and I trust he will now be reconciled to my temporary guardianship, which may end better for him than he expects."

"Whatever I expect," I replied, summoning my scattered recollection together, "I see I am neither to expect justice nor protection from this gentleman, whose office it is to render both to the lieges. For you, sir, how strangely you have wrought yourself into the fate of an unhappy young man, or what interest you can pretend in me, you yourself only can explain. That I have seen you before, is certain; for none can forget the look with which you seem to have the power of blighting those upon whom you cast it."

The Justice seemed not very easy under this hint. "Ha! — ay," he said; "it is time to be going, neighbour. I have a many miles to ride, and I care not to ride darkling in these parts. — You and I, Mr Nicholas, must be jogging."

The Justice fumbled with his gloves, in endeavouring to draw them on hastily, and Mr Nicholas hustled to get his great-coat and whip. Their landlord endeavoured to detain them, and spoke of supper and beds. Both pouring forth many thanks for his invitation, seemed as if they would much rather not; and Mr Justice Foxley was

making a score of apologies, with at least a hundred cautionary hems and eh-ehs, when the girl Dorcas burst into the room, and announced a gentleman on justice business.

«What gentleman? — and whom does he want?»

«He is cuome post on his ten toes,» said the wench; «and on justice business to his worship loike. I'se uphald him a gentleman, for he speaks as good Latin as the schulemeaster; but, lack-a-day! he has gotten a queer mop of a wig.»

The gentleman, thus announced and described, bounced into the room. But I have already written as much as fills a sheet of my paper, and my singular embarrassments press so hard on me, that I have matter to fill another from what followed the intrusion of — my dear Alan — your crazy client — Poor Peter Peebles!

CHAPTER VII.

DARSIE LATIMER'S JOURNAL, IN CONTINUATION.

Sheet 2.

I HAVE rarely in my life, till the last alarming days, known what it was to sustain a moment's real sorrow. What I called such, was, I am now well convinced, only the weariness of mind, which, having nothing actually present to complain of, turns upon itself, and becomes anxious about the past and the future; those periods with which human life has so little connection, that Scripture itself hath said, «Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.»

If, therefore, I have sometimes abused prosperity, by murmuring at my unknown birth and uncertain rank in society, I will make amends by bearing my present real adversity with patience and courage, and, if I can, even with gaiety.

What can they — dare they, do to me? — Foxley, I am persuaded, is a real Justice of Peace, and country gentleman of estate, though (wonderful to tell!) he is an ass notwithstanding; and his functionary in the drab coat must have a shrewd guess at the consequences of being accessory to an act of murder or kidnapping. Men invite not such witnesses to deeds of darkness. I have also, — Alan, I *have* hopes, arising out of the family of the oppressor himself. I am encouraged to believe that G. M. is likely again to enter on the field. More I dare not here say; nor must I drop a hint which another eye than thine might be able to construe. Enough, my feelings are lighter than they have been; and though fear and wonder are still around me, they are unable entirely to overcloud the horizon.

Even when I saw the spectral form of the old scare-crow of the Parliament-House rush into the apartment where I had undergone so singular an examination, I thought of thy connection with him, and could almost have parodied Lear —

Death! — nothing could have thus subdued
nature

To such a lowness, but his “learned lawyers.”

He was e'en as we have seen him of yore, Alan, when, rather to keep thy company than to follow my own bent, I formerly frequented the halls of justice. The only addition to his dress, in the capacity of a traveller, was a pair of boots, that looked as they might have seen the field of Sheriff-moor; so large and heavy, that, tied as they were to the creature's wearied hams with large bunches of worsted tape of various colours, they looked as if he had been dragging them along either for a wager, or by way of penance.

Regardless of the surprised looks of the party on whom he thus intruded himself, Peter blundered into the middle of the apartment, with his head charged like a ram's in the act of butting, and saluted them thus: —

“Gude day to ye, gude day to your honours — Is't here they sell the fugie warrants?”

I observed that, on his entrance, my friend — or enemy — drew himself back, and placed himself as if he would rather avoid attracting the observation of the new-comer. I did the same myself, as far as I was able; for I thought it likely that Mr Peebles might recognize me, as indeed I was too frequently among the group of young juridical aspirants who used to amuse

themselves by putting cases for Peter's solution, and playing him worse tricks; yet I was uncertain whether I had better avail myself of our acquaintance to have the advantage, such as it might be, of his evidence before the magistrate, or whether to make him, if possible, bearer of a letter which might procure me more effectual assistance. I resolved, therefore, to be guided by circumstances, and to watch carefully that nothing might escape me. I drew back as far as I could, and even reconnoitred the door and passage, to consider whether absolute escape might not be practicable. But there paraded Cristal Nixon, whose little black eyes, sharp as those of a basilisk, seemed, the instant when they encountered with mine, to penetrate my purpose.

I sat down, as much out of sight of all parties as I could, and listened to the dialogue which followed — a dialogue how much more interesting to me than any I could have conceived, in which Peter Peebles was to be one of the *Dramatis Personæ*!

«Is it here where ye sell the warrants? — the fugies, ye ken?» said Peter.

«Hey — eh — what!» said Justice Foxley; «what the devil does the fellow mean? — What would you have a warrant for?»

“It is to apprehend a young lawyer that is in *meditatione fugæ*; for he has taen my memorial and pleaded my cause, and a good fee I gave him, and as muckle brandy as he could drink that day at his father’s house — he loves the brandy ower weel for sae youthful a creature.”

“And what has this drunken young dog of a lawyer done to you, that you are come to me — eh — ha? Has he robbed you? Not unlikely if he be a lawyer — eh — Nick — ha?” said Justice Foxley.

“He has robbed me of himself, sir,” answered Peter; “of his help, comfort, aid, maintenance, and assistance, whilk, as a counsel to a client, he is bound to yield me *ratione officii* — that is it, ye see. He has pouched my fee, and drunken a mutchkin of brandy, and now he’s ower the march, and left my cause, half won half lost — as dead a heat as e’er was run ower the back-sands. Now, I was advised by some cunning laddies that are used to crack a bit law wi’ me in the House, that the best thing I could do was to take heart o’ grace and set out after him; so I have taken post on my ain shanks, foreby a cast in a cart or the like. I got wind of him in Dumfries, and now I have run him over to

the English side, and I want a fugie warrant against him."

How did my heart throb at this information, dearest Alan! Thou art near me then, and I well know with what kind purpose; thou hast abandoned all to fly to my assistance; and no wonder that, knowing thy friendship and faith, thy sound sagacity and persevering disposition, "my bosom's lord should now sit lightly on his throne;" that gaiety should almost involuntarily hover on my pen; and that my heart should beat like that of a general, responsive to the drums of his advancing ally, without whose help the battle must have been lost.

I did not suffer myself to be startled by this joyous surprise, but continued to bend my strictest attention to what followed among this singular party. That Poor Peter Peebles had been put upon this wild-goose chase, by some of his juvenile advisers in the Parliament House, he himself had intimated; but he spoke with much confidence, and the Justice, who seemed to have some secret apprehension of being put to trouble in the matter, and, as sometimes occurs on the English frontier, a jealousy lest the superior acuteness of the northern neighbours might over-

reach their own simplicity, turned to his clerk with a perplexed countenance.

“Eh—oh — Nick — d — n thee — Hast thou got nothing to say? This is more Scotch law, I take it, and more Scotchmen. (Here he cast a side-glance at the owner of the mansion, and winked to his clerk.) I would Solway were as deep as it is wide, and we had then some chance of keeping of them out.”

Nicholas conversed an instant aside with the suppliant, and then reported: —

“The man wants a border-warrant, I think; but they are only granted for debt — now he wants one to catch a lawyer.

“And what for no?” answered Peter Peebles, doggedly; “what for no, I would be glad to ken? If a day’s labourer refuse to work, ye’ll grant a warrant to gar him do out his daurg — if a wench quean rin away from her ha’rst, ye’ll send her back to her heuck again — if sae mickle as a coallier or a salter make a moonlight flitting, ye will cleek him by the back-spaul in a minute of time, — and yet the damage canna amount to mair than a creelful of coals, and a forpit or twa of saut; and here is a chield taks leg from his engagement, and damages me to the

tune of sax thousand punds sterling; that is, three thousand that I should win, and three thousand mair that I am like to lose; and you that ca' yourself a justice canna help a puir man to catch the rin-away? A bonnie-like justice I am like to get amang ye!"

"The fellow must be drunk," said the clerk.

"Black-fasting from all but sin," replied the suppliant; "I havena had mair than a mouthful of cauld water since I passed the Border, and de'il a ane of ye is like to say to me, 'Dog, will ye drink?'"

The Justice seemed moved by this appeal. "Hem — tush man," replied he; "thou speak'st to us as if thou wert in presence of one of thine own beggarly justices — get down stairs — get something to eat, man, (with permission of my friend to make so free in his house,) and a mouthful to drink, and I will warrant we get ye such justice as will please ye."

"I winna refuse your neighbourly offer," said Poor Peter Peebles, making his bow; "mickle grace be wi' your honour, and wisdom to guide ye in this extraordinary cause."

When I saw Peter Peebles about to retire from the room, I could not forbear an effort to

obtain from him such evidence as might give me some credit with the Justice. I stepped forward, therefore, and, saluting him, asked him if he remembered me?

After a stare or two, and a long pinch of snuff, recollection seemed suddenly to dawn on Peter Peebles. «Recollect ye!» he said; «by my troth do I.—Haud him a grip, gentlemen—constables, keep him fast—where that ill-deedy hempy is, ye are sure that Alan Fairford is not far off.—Haud him fast, Master Constable; I charge ye wi' him, for I am mistaen if he is not at the bottom of this rin-awa business. He was aye getting the silly callant Alan awa wi' gigs, and horse, and the like of that, to Roslin, and Preston pans, and a' the idle gates he could think of. He's a rin-awa apprentice, that ane.»

«Mr Peebles,» I said, «do not do me wrong. I am sure you can say no harm of me justly, but can satisfy these gentlemen, if you will, that I am a student of law in Edinburgh—Darsie Latimer by name.»

«Me satisfy! how can I satisfy the gentlemen,» answered Peter, «that am sae far from being satisfied mysell? I ken naething about your name, and can only testify, *nihil novit in causa.*»

“A pretty witness you have brought forward in your favour,” said Mr Foxley. “But — ha — ay — I’ll ask him a question or two. — Pray, friend, will you take your oath to this youth being a run-away apprentice?”

“Sir,” said Peter, “I will make oath to onything in reason; when a case comes to my oath it’s a won cause: But I am in some haste to prie your worship’s good cheer;” for Peter had become much more respectful in his demeanour towards the Justice, since he had heard some intimation of dinner.

“You shall have — eh — hum — ay — a belly-full, if it be possible to fill it. First let me know if this young man be really what he pretends. — Nick, make his affidavit.”

“Ow, he is just a wood harum-scarum creature, that wad never take to his studies; — daft, sir, clean daft.”

“Deft!” said the Justice; “what d’ye mean by deft — eh?”

“Just Fifish,” replied Peter; “wowff — a wee bit by the East-Nook or sae; it’s a common case — the ae half of the world thinks the t’other daft. I have met with folks in my day, that thought I

was daft mysell; and, for my part, I think our Court of Session clean daft, that have had the great cause of Peebles against Planestanes before them for this score of years, and have never been able to ding the bottom out of it yet."

"I cannot make out a word of his cursed brogue," said the Cumbrian justice; "can you, neighbour — eh? What can he mean by *deft*?"

"He means *mad*," said the party appealed to, thrown off his guard by impatience of this protracted discussion.

"Ye have it — ye have it," said Peter; "that is, not clean skivie, but ——"

Here he stopped, and fixed his eye on the person he addressed with an air of joyful recognition. — "Ay, ay, Mr Herries of Birrenswork, is this your ainsell in blood and bane? I thought ye had been hanged at Kennington Common, or Hairiebie, or some of these places, after the bonny ploy ye made in the forty-five."

"I believe you are mistaken, friend," said Herries, sternly, with whose name and designation I was thus made unexpectedly acquainted.

"The de'il a bit," answered the undaunted Peter Peebles; "I mind ye weel, for ye lod-

ged in my house the great year of forty-five, for a great year it was; the Grand Rebellion broke out, and my cause — the great cause — Peebles against Planestanes, *et per contra* — was called in the beginning of the winter Session, and would have been heard, but that there was a surcease of justice, with your plaids, and your piping, and your nonsense."

"I tell you, fellow," said Herries, yet more fiercely, "you have confused me with some of the other furniture of your crazy pate."

"Speak like a gentleman, sir," answered Peebles; "these are not legal phrases, Mr Herries of Birrenswork. Speak in form of law, or I shall bid ye gude day, sir. I have nae pleasure in speaking to proud folks, though I am willing to answer anything in a legal way; so if you are for a crack about auld langsyne, and the splores that you and Captain Redgimlet used to breed in my house, and the girded cask of brandy that ye drank and ne'er thought of paying for it, (not that I minded it mickle in thae days, though I have felt a lack of it sin syne,) why, I will waste an hour on ye at ony time. — And where is Captain Redgimlet now? he was a wild chap, like yoursell, Birrenswork. I trust ye hae gotten out your pardon, though they are nae sae keen after you

poor bodies for these some years bygane; the heading and hanging is weel ower now — awful job — awful job — will ye try my sneeshing? ”

He concluded his desultory speech by thrusting out his large bony paw, filled with a Scotch mull of huge dimensions, which Herries, who had been standing like one petrified by the assurance of this unexpected address, rejected with a contemptuous motion of his hand, which spilled some of the contents of the box.

“Aweel, aweel,” said Peter Peebles, totally unabashed by the repulse, “e’en as ye like, a wilful man maun hae his way; but,” he added, stooping down and endeavouring to gather the spilled snuff from the polished floor, “I canna afford to lose my sneeshing for a’ that ye are gumple-foisted wi’ me.”

My attention had been keenly awakened, during this extraordinary and unexpected scene. I watched, with as much attention as my own agitation permitted me to command, the effect produced on the parties concerned. It was evident that our friend, Peter Peebles, had unwarily made some discovery which altered the sentiments of Justice Foxley and his clerk towards Mr Herries, with whom, until he was known and

acknowledged under that name, they had appeared to be so intimate. They talked with each other aside, looked at a paper or two which the clerk selected from the contents of a huge black pocket-book, and seemed, under the influence of fear and uncertainty, totally at a loss what line of conduct to adopt.

Herries made a different and a far more interesting figure. However little Peter Peebles might resemble the angel Ithuriel, the appearance of Herries, his high and scornful demeanour, vexed at what seemed detection, yet fearless of the consequences, and regarding the whispering magistrate and his clerk with looks in which contempt predominated over anger or anxiety, bore, in my opinion, no slight resemblance to

—— the regal port
And faded splendour wan——

with which the poet has invested the discovered King of the powers of the air.

As he glanced round, with a look which he had endeavoured to compose to haughty indifference, his eye encountered mine, and, I thought, at the first glance sunk beneath it. But he in-

stantly rallied his natural spirit, and returned me one of those extraordinary looks, by which he could contort so strangely the wrinkles on his forehead. I started; but, angry at myself for my pusillanimity, I answered him by a look of the same kind, and catching the reflection of my countenance in a large antique mirror which stood before me, I started again at the real or imaginary resemblance which my countenance, at that moment, bore to that of Herries. Surely my fate is somehow strangely interwoven with that of this strange and mysterious individual. I had no time at present to speculate upon the subject, for the subsequent conversation demanded all my attention.

The Justice addressed Herries, after a pause of about five minutes, in which all parties seemed at some loss how to proceed. He spoke with embarrassment, and his faltering voice, and the long intervals which divided his sentences, seemed to indicate fear of him whom he addressed.

“Neighbour,” he said, “I could not have thought this; or, if *I—eh—did* think—in a corner of my own mind as it were—that you, I say—that you might have unluckily engaged in—eh—the matter of the forty-five—there was still time to have forgot all that.”

“And is it so singular that a man should have been out in the forty-five?” said Herries, with contemptuous composure; — “your father, I think, Mr Foxley, was out with Derwentwater in the fifteen.”

“And lost half of his estate,” answered Foxley, with more rapidity than usual; “and was very near — hem — being hanged into the boot. But this is — another guess job — for — eh — fifteen is not forty-five; and my father had a remission, and you, I take it, have none.”

“Perhaps I have,” said Herries, indifferently; “or if I have not, I am but in the case of half a dozen others whom government do not think worth looking after at this time of day, so they give no offence or disturbance.”

“But you have given both, sir,” said Nicholas Faggot, the clerk, who, having some petty provincial situation, as I have since understood, deemed himself bound to be zealous for government. “Mr Justice Foxley cannot be answerable for letting you pass free, now your name and surname have been spoken plainly out. There are warrants out against you from the Secretary of State’s office.”

“A proper allegation, Mr Attorney! that, at

the distance of so many years, the Secretary of State should trouble himself about the unfortunate relics of a ruined cause," answered Mr Herries.

"But if it be so," said the clerk, who seemed to assume more confidence upon the composure of Herries's demeanour; "and if cause has been given by the conduct of a gentleman himself, who hath been, it is alleged, raking up old matters, and mixing them with new subjects of disaffection — I say, if it be so, I should advise the party, in his wisdom, to surrender himself quietly into the lawful custody of the next Justice of Peace — Mr Foxley, suppose — where, and by whom, the matter should be regularly inquired into. I am only putting a case," he added, watching with apprehension the effect which his words were like to produce upon the party to whom they were addressed.

"And were I to receive such advice," said Herries, with the same composure as before — "putting the case, as you say, Mr Faggot — I should request to see the warrant which countenanced such a scandalous proceeding."

Mr Nicholas, by way of answer, placed in his hand a paper, and seemed anxiously to expect

the consequences which were to ensue. Mr Herries looked it over with the same equanimity as before, and then continued, "And were such a scrawl as this presented to me in my own house, I would throw it into the chimney, and Mr Faggot upon the top of it."

Accordingly, seconding the word with the action, he flung the warrant into the fire with one hand, and fixed the other, with a stern and irresistible gripe, on the breast of the attorney, who, totally unable to contend with him, in either personal strength or mental energy, trembled like a chicken in the raven's clutch. He got off, however, for the fright; for Herries, having probably made him fully sensible of the strength of his grasp, released him, with a scornful laugh.

"Deforcement—spuilzie—stouthrief—masterful rescue!" exclaimed Peter Peebles, scandalized at the resistance offered to the law in the person of Nicholas Faggot. But his shrill exclamations were drowned in the thundering voice of Herries, who, calling upon Cristal Nixon, ordered him to take the bawling fool down stairs, fill his belly, and then give him a guinea, and thrust him out of doors. Under such injunctions, Peter easily suffered himself to be withdrawn from the scene.

Herries then turned to the Justice, whose visage, wholly abandoned by the rubicund hue which so lately beamed upon it, hung out the same pale livery as that of his dismayed clerk. „Old friend and acquaintance,” he said, „you came here at my request, on a friendly errand, to convince this silly young man of the right which I have over his person for the present. I trust you do not intend to make your visit the pretext of disquieting me about other matters? All the world knows that I have been living at large, in these northern counties, for some months, not to say years, and might have been apprehended at any time, had the necessities of the state required, or my own behaviour deserved it. But no English magistrate has been ungenerous enough to trouble a gentleman under misfortune, on account of political opinions and disputes, which have been long ended by the success of the reigning powers. I trust, my good friend, you will not endanger yourself, by taking any other view of the subject than you have done ever since we were acquainted? ”

The Justice answered with more readiness, as well as more spirit than usual, „Neighbour Ingoldsby — what you say — is — eh — in some sort true; and when you were coming and going at

markets, horse-races, and cock-fights, fairs, hunts, and such like — it was — eh — neither my business nor my wish to dispel — I say — to inquire into and dispel the mysteries which hung about you; for while you were a good companion in the field, and over a bottle now and then — I did not — eh — think it necessary to ask — into your private affairs. And if I thought you were — ahem — somewhat unfortunate in former undertakings, and enterprizes, and connections, which might cause you to live unsettledly and more private, I could have — eh — very little pleasure — to aggravate your case by interfering, or asking explanations, which are often more easily asked than given. But when there are warrants and witnesses to names — and those names, christian and surname, belong to — eh — an attainted person — charged — I trust falsely — with — ahem — taking advantage of modern broils and heart-burnings to renew our civil disturbances, the case is altered; and I must — ahem — do my duty.”

The Justice got on his feet as he concluded this speech, and looked as bold as he could. I drew close beside him and his clerk, Mr Faggot, thinking the moment favourable for my own liberation, and intimated to Mr Foxley my determination to stand by him. But Mr Herries only

laughed at the menacing posture which we assumed. «My good neighbour,» said he, «you talk of a witness — Is yon crazy beggar a fit witness in an affair of this nature? »

«But you do not deny that you are Mr Herries of Birrenswork, mentioned in the Secretary of State's warrant? » said Mr Foxley.

«How can I deny or own anything about it? » said Herries, with a sneer. «There is no such warrant in existence now; its ashes, like the poor traitor whose doom it threatened, have been dispersed to the four winds of heaven. There is now no warrant in the world.»

«But you will not deny,» said the Justice, «that you were the person named in it; and that — eh — your own act destroyed it? »

«I will neither deny my name nor my actions, Justice,» replied Mr Herries, «when called upon by competent authority to avow or defend them. But I will resist all impertinent attempts either to intrude into my private motives, or to control my person. I am quite well prepared to do so; and I trust that you, my good neighbour and brother sportsman, in your expostulation, and my friend Mr Nicholas Faggot here, in his humble

advice and petition that I should surrender myself, will consider yourselves as having amply discharged your duty to King George and Government."

The cold and ironical tone in which he made this declaration; the look and attitude, so nobly expressive of absolute confidence in his own superior strength and energy, seemed to complete the indecision which had already shewn itself on the side of those whom he addressed.

The Justice looked to the Clerk — the Clerk to the Justice; the former *ha'd, eh'd*, without bringing forth an articulate syllable; the latter only said, "As the warrant is destroyed, Mr Justice, I presume you do not mean to proceed with the arrest."

"Hum — ay — why no — Nicholas — it would not be quite advisable — and as the forty-five was an old affair — and — hem — as my friend here will, I hope, see his error — that is, if he has not seen it already — and renounce the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender — I mean no harm, neighbour — I think we — as we have no *posse*, or constables, or the like — should order our horses — and, in one word, look the matter over."

“Judiciously resolved,” said the person whom this decision affected; “but before you go, I trust you will drink and be friends.”

“Why,” said the Justice, rubbing his brow, “our business has been — hem — rather a thirsty one.”

“Cristal Nixon,” said Mr Herries, “let us have a cool tankard instantly, large enough to quench the thirst of the whole commission.”

While Cristal was absent on this genial errand, there was a pause, of which I endeavoured to avail myself, by bringing back the discourse to my own concerns. “Sir,” I said to Justice Foxley, “I have no direct business with your late discussion with Mr Herries, only just thus far — You leave me, a loyal subject of King George, an unwilling prisoner in the hands of a person whom you have reason to believe unfriendly to the King’s cause. I humbly submit that this is contrary to your duty as a magistrate, and that you ought to make Mr Herries aware of the illegality of his proceedings, and take steps for my rescue, either upon the spot, or, at least, as soon as possible after you have left this case.——”

“Young man,” said Mr Justice Foxley, “I would have you remember you are under the

power, the lawful power—ahem—of your guardian.”

“He calls himself so, indeed,” I replied; “but he has shewn no evidence to establish so absurd a claim; and if he had, his circumstances, as an attainted traitor excepted from pardon, would void such a right, if it existed. I do therefore desire you, Mr Justice, and you, his clerk, to consider my situation, and afford me relief at your peril.”

“Here is a young fellow now,” said the Justice, with much embarrassed looks, “thinks that I carry the whole statute law of England in my head, and a *posse comitatus* to execute them in my pocket. Why, what good would my interference do?—but—hum—eh—I will speak to your guardian in your favour.”

He took Mr Herries aside, and seemed indeed to urge something upon him with much earnestness; and perhaps such a species of intercession was all which, in the circumstances, I was entitled to expect from him.

They often looked at me as they spoke together; and as Cristal Nixon entered with a huge four-pottle tankard, filled with the beverage his master had demanded, Herries turned away from

Mr Foxley somewhat impatiently, saying, with emphasis, «I give you my word of honour, that you have not the slightest reason to apprehend anything on his account.» He then took up the tankard, and saying aloud in Gaelic, «*Slaint an Rey*,» just tasted the liquor, and handed the tankard to Justice Foxley, who, to avoid the dilemma of pledging him to what might be the Pretender's health, drank to Mr Herries's own, with much pointed solemnity, but in a draught far less moderate.

The clerk imitated the example of his principal, and I was fain to follow their example; for anxiety and fear are at least as thirsty as sorrow is said to be. In a word, we exhausted the composition of ale, sherry, lemon-juice, nutmeg, and other good things, stranded upon the silver bottom of the tankard, the huge toast, as well as the roasted orange, which had whilome floated jollily upon the brim, and rendered legible Dr Byrom's celebrated lines engraved thereon —

God bless the King! — God bless the Faith's
defender! —

God bless — No harm in blessing the Pretender.
Who that Pretender is, and who that King, —
God bless us all, — is quite another thing.

I had time enough to study this effusion of the Jacobite muse, while the Justice was engaged in the somewhat tedious ceremony of taking leave. That of Mr Faggot was less ceremonious; but I suspect something besides empty compliment passed betwixt him and Mr Herries; for I remarked that the latter slipped a piece of paper into the hand of the former, which might perhaps be a little atonement for the rashness with which he had burned the warrant, and imposed no gentle hand on the respectable minion of the law by whom it was exhibited; and I observed that he made this propitiation in such a manner as to be secret from the worthy clerk's principal.

When this was arranged, the party took leave of each other, with much formality on the part of Squire Foxley, amongst whose adieus the following phrase was chiefly remarkable: — “I presume you do not intend to stay long in these parts?”

“Not for the present, Justice; you may be sure; there are good reasons to the contrary. But I have no doubt of arranging my affairs, so that we shall speedily have sport together again.”

He went to wait upon the Justice to the courtyard; and, as he did so, commanded Cristal

Nixon to see that I returned into my apartment. Knowing it would be to no purpose to resist or tamper with that stubborn functionary, I obeyed in silence, and was once more a prisoner in my former quarters.

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